

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Volume XXIV. }

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXLII. }

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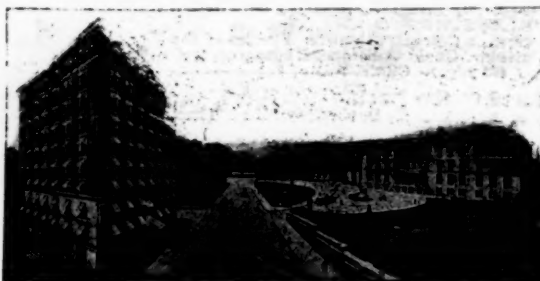
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SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXIV.

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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCKLII.

## MACEDONIA AND THE AUSTRO-RUSSIAN COMEDY.

For some years past it has become increasingly evident that the affairs of the Balkan Peninsula excite less interest than formerly, as far as this country is concerned, and the fact is perhaps not greatly to be deplored; as, however, it appears highly probable that the so-called Macedonian question may before very long cause considerable trouble in Europe, it may be worth while to point out what the actual situation is, and upon whom responsibility rests.

In England the question of responsibility is usually decided off-hand by the assertion that the whole trouble and danger are solely due to the Turkish Government, just as many people appear to believe that our defective military system is solely due to the iniquity of the War Office; the truth, however, lies somewhat deeper than that, for there can be no doubt that the Macedonian problem is one of infinitely greater complexity than those other questions of the Near East which have exercised European diplomacy during recent years. Macedonia is inhabited by all the races which look to the reversion of the Turkish European prov-

inces, each of these races maintaining a separate propaganda and entertaining a mutual hatred almost if not quite as great as that felt towards the Government. In pursuance of their suicidal policy, Patriarchists fight with Exarchists; Albanians persecute Serbs; Bulgarians blackmail and murder Greeks, and Greeks retaliate to the best of their ability upon Bulgarians. The criminals who perpetrate these outrages are seldom brought to justice; partly, it is said, because Austrian and Russian officials have successfully prevented their punishment in the past, and partly because the Turk views without any disapproval a state of things under which Glacours destroy one another. As if all this did not constitute a sufficient complication, various European Powers take very little trouble to conceal the fact that they also contemplate accessions of territory in these regions.

If it were not for the tragic possibilities which threaten the unfortunate Macedonian peasant, the situation would not be wanting in humor. For years past danger has been obvious, and at last it became so imminent that

Austria and Russia were constrained to enter upon what they were pleased to call a "loyal exchange of ideas," and after a further prolonged exchange of ideas, loyal or otherwise, on the part of the Signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty, the Austrian and Russian Governments were entrusted with the task of persuading the Porte to introduce reforms which would bring peace and quiet to the disturbed provinces. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of the dealings of these two Governments with the Porte. It is sufficient for the moment to point out that the net result of about fifteen months negotiation is a gendarmerie scheme which is only just beginning to emerge from the paper stage. Meanwhile the condition of Macedonia remains pretty much what it has been during the past year, with a fair probability of insurrection, war, massacres, and what are comprehensively called "atrocities" in the future.

To me I confess it appears useless and somewhat unreasonable to lay the whole blame for this state of things upon the Turkish Government. The sins of that Government are no doubt the original cause of the evil, but who, in his senses, can suppose that the Turks, under present auspices, will ever consent to the introduction of real reforms, as we understand them? It is conceivable that they might do so at the eleventh hour, under extreme pressure, but what signs are there of any extreme pressure being exercised? The whole force and influence of the Turkish Government, as at present constituted, will always be arrayed against any serious change, because it realizes that such a change implies its own supersession. It is hopeless to attempt to persuade the official Turks that genuine reforms in the European provinces are not only in the Turkish interest but constitute the only chance of keep-

ing them in their own possession. Genuine reform to them implies foreign control, and they believe that when once foreign control is established their own rule must come to an end. For this reason, therefore, the Sultan has so far, consistently and successfully from his own point of view, obstructed all attempts at real reform in Macedonia. Why, indeed, should he suppose that Europe is in earnest? The task of convincing him has been entrusted, of all countries, to Austria and Russia. Can any one mention an instance in which either of these Powers has shown the slightest disposition or inclination to bring about genuine reforms in Turkey? Every one must know by this time that it has been the undeviating policy of Russia, at all events, to keep Turkey in as weak and unsound a condition as possible. As regards Macedonia, every one, too, knows that one if not both of these countries has every intention of seeking accessions of territory there when the break-up of the Turkish Empire in Europe takes place. And yet, in face of this elementary fact, the Governments of the Great Powers profess to believe in a satisfactory solution of the Macedonian difficulty!

If, however, this optimistic view prevails in European capitals, there is little trace of it to be found in the Balkan Peninsula. During the course of a fairly extensive tour in European Turkey last month I never came across a single independent person who did not scoff at the idea of Austria and Russia being in earnest. Why should they be? asked practical people. The policy of these two Governments is not dictated by sentiment; they have, it is true, no particular love for the Turk, but they have even less for the growing nationalities in the Near East; they have every intention of helping themselves largely when the general scramble for territory takes place, and the

very last thing they desire is that young and vigorous states should bar their way to the Mediterranean or that the Turkish administration should be improved to such an extent as to render foreign interference unnecessary. To me this reasoning appears irresistible, and if the secret intrigues of the two Powers in question during the last few years could be brought to light there would not be many illusions left to dispel.

If any doubt is still felt as to their sincerity it is only necessary to consider what has been effected since the adoption of the Mürzsteg programme. That scheme was accepted in November 1903, and what is there to show for it? Two assessors who have never left Salonika, who confine their energies to visiting Hilmi Pasha three times a week, and who scarcely make any attempt to conceal their apathy and helplessness.

It is true that General di Giorgis and the International Military Delegates have at length started from Constantinople after spending no less than three and a half months there in endeavoring to ascertain the precise nature of their functions, but even now it is not clear that they are going to be allowed a free hand, and the preposterous delay to which these officers have been subjected is in itself a reflection on Austro-Russian sincerity. Had the two Governments meant business, the three and a half months would have been reduced to forty-eight hours.

The plain truth is that there is only one Power which has been in earnest all along, and that is England. It is from England that the really useful suggestions have come, and if it had not been for the efforts of Lord Lansdown and Sir Nicholas O'Connor things would look even less promising than they do at present. With the exception of France, we appear to be the only country which has been absolute-

ly uninfluenced by selfish considerations. Germany has ostentatiously held aloof, and has possibly hinted occasionally to the Porte that there is no necessity for hurry. The desire of Germany to stand well with the Sultan is well known, and if the result of the present proceedings is the arrival of Austria at Salonika, that only means that ultimately Salonika will in all probability become a German port. The designs of Austria and Russia are known to all the world, but there is another Power—Italy—which is not disposed tamely to abandon Albania to Austria, and this international jealousy has tended considerably to increase the difficulties of the new gendarmerie. Each Power, it was decided, should undertake the administration of a particular district, and in order to show our own disinterestedness we signified our willingness to accept any district whatever or to settle the question by drawing lots. The Austrians, however, insisted upon appropriating the Uskub district; this was strongly objected to by the Italians, and the dispute was compromised by allotting to the latter the Monastir district, that being nearest to Southern Albania. In connection with this arrangement it is important to note that in the neighborhood of Uskub there is the strongest opposition to the appearance of Austrians on the part of both Mussulmans and Christians; their presence there would be considered as infallibly presaging a permanent occupation, and this circumstance in itself might precipitate an outbreak. This complication alone will serve to show how difficult is the situation from the international point of view.

I alluded above to the fact that Macedonia is inhabited by all the races which hope eventually to inherit the possessions of the Turk. Under these circumstances it might have been supposed that they would have endeavored

to arrive at some arrangement under which the spoils would be equably divided. But of this they appear quite incapable; each nationality appears to consider that it is entitled to everything, refuses to listen to compromise, and endeavors to show that no other is worthy of attention. No one knows for certain what are the respective numerical proportions of the Christian races, and attempts to sift the statistics supplied end in hopeless bewilderment. As an instance of the kind of facts which are furnished, I may mention that a Government official in Salonika informed me that there were only about two hundred Bulgarian families in that town, whereas the Bulgarian agent assured me that there were over eight thousand. Nevertheless, all independent authorities are agreed that the preponderating Christian nationality in Macedonia is Bulgarian, and everyone knows by this time that the revolutionary movement is practically Bulgarian only, and that it is carried on not solely with the object of getting rid of Turkish rule but of furthering Bulgarian political aspirations. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the revolutionary movement is directed solely against the intolerable abuses of Turkish rule. It will, no doubt, come as a shock to many enthusiasts in England, but responsible Bulgarian officials have openly admitted to me that, sooner than see an Austrian or Russian occupation of Macedonia, they would prefer that it should continue under the government of the Sultan. The reason is obvious enough; whilst the Turk still governs there is always a chance of getting rid of him, but if his place is taken by a European Power the chance of a change is reduced to a minimum. This is a view which presumably is not held by the unfortunate Christian peasants who are ground between Komitajis and the Turkish Government, and who would

probably welcome any change which promised to alter their present unhappy condition; but these people will probably not be allowed much voice in the matter. If an insurrection is determined upon, they will have to come out or run the risk of being massacred by the Turks; and if peace is preserved, they will probably have to submit to the exactions and oppression to which they are now subjected.

As regards the chances of an insurrectionary outbreak opinions naturally differ. Hilmi Pasha, for instance, asserts that the disposition of the troops is such that an attempt could be suppressed without difficulty. Austrian and Russian representatives persistently endeavor to prove that the situation is quite satisfactory, and their assumed optimism apparently influences to some extent the Embassies at Constantinople. It is also held in some quarters that the insurgents suffered so severely last year that it will be very difficult to get them to come out again. It is further urged that the conclusion of an agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria is all in favor of peace, but it would be rash to build too much hope upon this extremely unsubstantial foundation. An agreement of this nature may appear admirable in principle, but it is safe to predict that neither party intends to adhere faithfully to it, and that one side or the other will break it directly an excuse is provided. The chief value of the agreement appears to consist in the fact that it enables the Sultan to save his face by negotiating an agreement without the interference of other Powers, and gives the Bulgarian Government a fresh opportunity of repeating assurances which have frequently been made before. On the other hand the danger of the situation is so obvious that no optimistic assurances can bind one to it. As a matter of fact, the Macedonian provinces are very nearly in a state of war

now. Every yard of railway has to be guarded by troops; small insurgent bands still continue their operations; there are many thousands of refugees in Bulgaria; there are in the Monastir vilayet alone the former occupants of eight thousand burnt houses who have not the means to rebuild them; the thousands of peasants who annually earn a livelihood by migratory labor in Bulgaria and Constantinople are this year not allowed to leave the country;<sup>1</sup> the gaols contain numerous political prisoners; the troops, who consist largely of unfortunate reservists with families dependent upon them in Asia Minor, are unpaid and reported to be much demoralized; business is disorganized; life and property insecure; foreigners cannot travel without substantial escorts, and do not even walk about the streets of a big town like Monastir without guards; officials are usually corrupt or incapable; nearly every Christian of any position seems to be connected, voluntarily or involuntarily, with the insurrectionary movement; and, lastly, the Mussulman population is in an excitable mood, and an outbreak of fanaticism might be provoked without much difficulty.

Here, therefore, are all the materials for an explosion, and the general opinion which I gathered when in Macedonia recently was that the best chance of averting an outbreak lay in the early appearance of the foreign gendarmerie officers. This, however, was qualified by the reservation that, unless they were invested with real executive power, their presence would not be of much benefit and would only serve to postpone the evil day. Even, therefore, assuming that these officers have arrived in the interior by the time this article appears, it does not follow that all danger is past; and if they are kept

at Salonika or elsewhere whilst the precise nature of their duties is still being discussed with the Turkish Government, the result of their appearance may prove disappointing.

Upon the whole, it may be stated with some confidence that there is no one who can say for certain whether there will or will not be an insurrection, or a war, or both, within a comparatively short period. It may be assumed that neither the Turks nor the Bulgarians are particularly anxious for war at the present moment, and, as an important Bulgarian official remarked to me, the prospects of his country in the event of war are anything but cheerful. If the Bulgarians are victorious (which is much less unlikely than is generally supposed) they will have to reckon with Roumania, Serbia, and Greece, each of whom will demand territorial compensation, besides running the risk of bringing about an Austrian occupation. If, on the other hand, they are beaten, Russia will interfere to prevent their being crushed; "And if," he asked, "Russian troops appear once more in the Balkan Peninsula, does any one suppose that they will ever leave it again?" What, no doubt, would best suit the Austro-Russian game would be an appearance of reform specious enough to justify the continuance of the *status quo*, but enabling either Power to interfere whenever it seemed advisable. This somewhat cold-blooded policy, however, is liable to be upset both by the war in the Far East and by the action of the Komitaji leaders, who, it is believed, mean to decide upon their action in a few weeks time.

From our own point of view the one satisfactory feature is that, with the exception of the Palace, which is still, of course, under Russian influence, complete confidence seems to be felt throughout European Turkey as to the objects of British policy. It is a

<sup>1</sup> Upon the occasion of last year's amnesty the liberated prisoners in many instances went off to join the Komitaji bands.



strange but undeniable fact that England seems to be the only country which is trusted both by Mussulmans and Christians, and the probable explanation is that whereas the former are now well acquainted with the results of our rule in Egypt, the latter recognize that the British Government is the only one which has done anything for the Christian States in the Near East during the last twenty-five years; they know that it is owing to us that Crete is free, that Thessaly has been restored to the Greeks, and that the Bulgarian Union has been rendered possible; above all, it is believed that our policy is not prompted by designs of annexation. For this reason every district in Macedonia would like to have British gendarmerie officers allotted to it, and it is sometimes difficult to explain that the British Government has a good deal to do besides satisfying claims made upon it from the Near East.

What is less satisfactory is the conviction entertained apparently by the Bulgarians in Macedonia that we are certain to come to their assistance if things go wrong; a conviction fostered by the misinterpretation of Parliamentary statements, by the declarations of irresponsible persons, and even by the action of British charitable societies, whose benevolent work, however impartial, is always believed by the Eastern peasant to be directly due to Government.

It is, indeed, difficult to see how isolated British action on behalf of the people of Macedonia could be productive of any good, and, were it attempted, the experiences of Armenia might easily be repeated. It has frequently been asserted that France and Italy would be ready to join with us in insisting upon a more drastic scheme of reform. What foundation there is for this assertion I have never been able to discover: what is certain is that, if we attempted anything decisive, we should immediately find ourselves alone and confronted not only by the Sultan, but by Russia, Germany, and Austria as well. Italy, as I have already explained, entertains designs of her own in European Turkey, and France can scarcely be expected to assume an unfriendly attitude towards Russia.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and it is only fair to admit that, when the settlement of the Macedonian difficulty was entrusted to Austria and Russia, the plan met with general approval; but it must now be clear to every one that this arrangement is faulty in itself, and, at the best, can only serve a temporary purpose. The question is one of such complexity, the various interests are so conflicting, and the difficulty of dealing justly with the rival claims is so great, that obviously the proper method of solution is by means of a Conference, and, if it is not too late, that expedient might yet be resorted to with success.

*Newton.*

---

#### FRANCES POWER COBBE.

I met Miss Cobbe for the first time in 1878. A poor woman, Isabel Grant, had been unjustly condemned to death for the murder of her husband. Miss Cobbe took up the case, met me at the

house of a friend, and asked me to assist her in the Press in her demand for justice. The demand was successful; the sentence was commuted. I can well remember the passionate indigna-



tion with which Miss Cobbe entered on the task of redressing the wrong, and the delight with which she received the news of the victory. I worked under her leadership after this in a humble way, in the movement to obtain justice for women, and in the movement to obtain justice for the animal world. I found her always the same, a champion of the oppressed, a modern knight-errant, burning with a white-hot indignation against all injustice, melting in the tenderest sympathy with the wronged, always full of courage, energy, decision; in short, a true woman in being every inch a man. For the last few years I have been assisting her continuously, by her own invitation, in her efforts on behalf of the animals. Our meetings have been frequent, our correspondence unbroken, and what began as a friendly association for a common purpose ripened gradually into a very close intimacy and a very deep friendship.

A distinguishing characteristic, which I noticed at our first meeting in her confident prediction that we should see the death-sentence commuted, was an indomitable optimism. She saw the dark side of things with open eyes, fearlessly, but the bright side bulked larger in her view. This was in part the result of her fine physical endowment. Destined to shake the comfortable certainties of medical as well as of religious orthodoxy, she was born, happily for this purpose, the child of a mother already in her forty-seventh year. Thus, though according to accepted medical theory she came into the world a child of aged parents, defrauded of her proper share of health, vitality and vigor, she was, as a matter of fact, exceptionally well endowed with those good things. Perfectly healthy and exceptionally strong and vigorous from the first, she remained till very late in life a rare embodiment of natural strength. Her immense vi-

talidity and ceaseless flow of animal spirits never wholly left her even in old age. She once described her own appearance, with characteristic frankness, as "defective even to the point of grotesqueness from an æsthetic point of view." This grotesqueness she accentuated, at any rate after I knew her, by a dress designed for comfort, and for comfort alone. "My dear," said one of her friends—she told me with much enjoyment of the laugh at herself—"it is not that you dress badly; you do not dress at all." But she arrested the eye with an attraction of her own, that of a big, elemental humanity. Above the mighty girth emphasized by the dress rose a strong, intellectual face, backed by a great leonine head with a mane of strong, short-cut hair. A frank, straight gaze of penetrating eyes that seemed to read one's unspoken thoughts carried the impression of intellectual power and absolute truthfulness; and then in another moment her face beamed with humor and wit, or shone with the radiance of a great goodwill and kindness, the natural language of a big human heart. "Large-brained woman and large-hearted man" might have been written by her friend Mrs. Browning much more fitly of her than of George Sand. Her genial laugh (she loved a good story or a joke dearly) spread an atmosphere of good humor around her, and was an irresistible infection even to the gloomiest visitor, and serious as was her inner life, in social intercourse her high spirits never failed her long.

She was, in fact, a great natural fountain of human sympathy, with joy as well as with suffering, which bubbled up according to the need of her companions. An atmosphere of happiness, a breath of the joy and the goodness of life, radiated from her like sunshine. She was, on the whole, the happiest-hearted person I have ever

known. She combined in a rare way the frankness and large geniality and generosity of a man with the tenderness, the delicate thoughtfulness, the quick perceptions of a woman. A delightful companion, even to mere surface acquaintances, naturally fitted to be all things to all sorts of people, her deeper self was reserved for the inner circle of friends who had some spiritual affinity with her. Her manysidedness was almost as noticeable as her abounding vitality. One noted her easy command of great mental powers, seriousness and depth combined with lightness and versatility. She would pass in a moment from the brightest *persiflage* to the most reverent treatment of the most solemn subject, and one felt no incongruity, so perfectly easy and natural was the transition. The high eloquence of her talk on great themes became often the impassioned monologue of one unconscious of time and surroundings, and forgetful in her old age of the physical exhaustion which generally followed the exertion.

Her abounding joy in mere living, in everything she was doing, the ease with which she did all mental work, came, no doubt, primarily from the fulness of physical life, and the great reservoir of nervous energy which it gave her. But her sunny religion had much to do with it. She enjoyed life not only without any hesitation as to the rightfulness of such enjoyment, but with the feeling that the thankful acceptance of natural joy was a part of religious duty, and so joy was a duty to her, and duty a joy, in a way very rare and very beautiful. To know her really well, to perceive the way the religious mainspring moved the works of life, was in itself an education in practical religion.

From her father she inherited a very strong will, a masterful and somewhat imperious disposition, and a somewhat

impatient and fiery temper. Traces of the bitter and unforgiving spirit she had had to overcome in her youth remained in a considerable capacity for quick and lasting resentment. This, however, was much subdued in the last years of her life, when her disposition, in spite of the sore trial of the failure of her chosen cause to gain the anticipated victory, mellowed, not without effort, under the influence of religious faith.

A good deal of her action which, on a surface view, might be ascribed to temper, came from her straightforwardness and love of truth, which were inherited from her father, and developed by the conscious effort of her whole life. She was a keen judge of character and conduct, and she trusted her own judgment with the strong self-reliance that distinguished her. Want of straightforwardness, want of truth, even in a friend, was certain to produce an open change in her attitude. I have known her to break completely with a friend for admitted and deliberate double-dealing, though it was in the supposed interests of the cause to which she was devoted. From her mother, probably, she inherited the underlying vein of gentleness and sweetness which became more prominent in her latter days, and the sympathy which developed in the work of life into a profound compassion for all suffering, a compassion of rare sensitiveness and intensity. She was undoubtedly ambitious, but her ambition was a noble one, to be good and to do good, and to this she dedicated herself to the exclusion of all petty egotisms.

The passionate quality in all her feelings and tastes probably came from the immense natural vitality, the fulness of life, which gives one of the keys to a right understanding of her personality and her life. Her love of God was passionate; so was her love of goodness. Her love of truth, of justice, of

mercy, had the same note of passionate intensity. This is true even of her love of knowledge and of study. A glimpse of this passionate devotion to knowledge is given by her in her autobiography, which, by the way, is shortly to appear edited by Miss Atkinson, in a new edition, completed by the account by herself of the last period of her life. After questioning whether the modern methods, while conducing to more accurate scholarship, convey the same delight that she experienced in her solitary pursuit of knowledge, she says: "When the summer morning sun rose over the trees and shone as it often did into my bedroom, finding me still over my books from the evening before, and when I then sauntered out to take a sleep on one of the garden-seats in the shrubbery, the sense of having learned something, or cleared up some hitherto doubtful point, or added a store of fresh ideas to my mental riches, was one of purest satisfaction." This passage not only opens a window into the years of her life up to thirty-five, when on her father's death she left her old home for an independent life in the world, but gives some measure of her remarkable capacity for continuous mental work. She had at that time and till late in life a rare capacity for night work. Like George Sand and Mrs. Oliphant, she could work all night at her books or with her pen and preside over her father's house and entertain the guests all day with unexhausted energy and good spirits. Without any incentive of external reward or honor and in the rather discouraging atmosphere of a great country house where her love of study was shared by no one, she gave herself to the pursuit of knowledge with an energy that made her mind one of the best equipped of the minds of the women of her time. Thus she studied carefully and thoroughly an enormous mass of literature and sci-

ence, from the literature of Italy and France to that of Greece and Rome, from geometry to German philosophy (read in translations—she never learned German), from the philosophers of Greece to the religions of the East. The curious knowledge with which her mind was stored would sometimes crop up in her old age. For instance, I found her to be a lover of Plotinus, whom she had studied in those days of her youth and whose theological speculations still gave her enjoyment. One of her own books, "Alone to the Alone," takes its title from a passage in Plotinus. Much of his Neo-Platonism has a curiously close affinity with her own Theism.

Her delight in bodily exercise was as genuine if less intense. She had done a great deal of riding, and always recalled with pleasure the memories of her journeys on horseback in Syria and her long rides with the friend of her life in Italy. Till an accident occurred to her ankle she was a great lover of walking, and kept up the practice to the small extent that the weakness of the ankle and the development of great obesity permitted. But her favorite exercise, she told me, had been swimming, and her keenest delight to take this exercise in the midst of beautiful surroundings. Her love of swimming was closely associated with her love of nature, which was passionate. It was the beauty of nature, she often told me, that delighted her in Italy far more than the picture galleries and the architecture. She had gained a knowledge of the glory of nature, she said, in her Eastern as well as her Italian wanderings, which was a great addition to the joy of life. "Never," she wrote, "shall I forget the revelation of the loveliness of the Ægean and Ionian Seas, of the lower slopes of Lebanon, and of the Acropolis of Athens seen as I saw it first at sunrise." She was a very good sailor, and

loved the varying aspects of the sea, especially under a southern sun. Her feeling for the associations of the great past enhanced her appreciation of scenery, and in the Holy Land she said she had felt supremely happy as "the place where from the earliest times the human soul had highest and oftenest soared up to God." This sense of the presence of God in His works gave a religious depth to her enjoyment of the beauty of nature; to her the forest sanctuary was a holier place than any cathedral, and she found the same inspiration to prayer in the woods about her Welsh home in later days. She had a poet's eye for nature even in her old age. In our drives together, when I stayed with her at Hengwrt, I noticed this in her swift response to every impression, the color of a flower, the form of a mountain, the sweep of a river, the song or flight of a bird.

The happy life of the wild things of wood and mountain was a continual joy to her; their joy in life was, she said, a psalm of thanksgiving in which she joined to the God who cared both for her and them. She liked to dwell on the general happiness of the animals, and considered that their joys greatly exceeded their sufferings. The view that sees chiefly the cruelty of nature she considered an entirely erroneous view, caused by confining the attention to isolated facts. I remember with what eagerness she discussed the theory, strongly supported by the experience of sportsmen in the jaws of the larger carnivora, that as these great beasts anesthetized their prey, so by the same arrangement of Providence it seemed probable that the suffering involved in the survival of the fittest throughout nature was more apparent than real. She looked on the life of the animals, as on her own life, as on the whole a blessing, the joys far exceeding the sufferings. This was her view of the slaughter of animals for food, a

quick ending—as it ought to be, but as I sometimes reminded her, it is very often not—closing a placid and comfortable bodily life.

She had no sympathy with sport—with the killing of animals for amusement. She detested the cruelties it involved, and made her home a refuge for the wild life of the surrounding country; and her vigorous denunciation of the otter hunters when she met them on one occasion was probably the cause of a very disgraceful though unsuccessful attempt to discredit her humanity in the case of a favorite old horse originally bought to deliver him from a hard master.

Her own domestic animals were treated with unfailing kindness and thoughtfulness. She treated the dogs not only with affection, but with courtesy, and used to say, "a well-bred dog hates to be laughed at." She was pleased when I produced Biblical support for a high view of such duty, by giving her the right translation of the familiar passage in Proverbs: "The righteous man knoweth the soul of his beast"—that is, enters into its character and understands its disposition with intelligent sympathy. Any animal that was suffering or infirm from age had her tenderest attention. The last time I was with her she took me, as usual, to visit and feed with bread a very old pony which lived in the field by the house as a sort of pensioner. The pony then as always came to her call like a dog, and rubbed against her to be petted and caressed. They evidently understood each other perfectly—the old friend of animals and the old pony together nearing the end of life's journey; and she observed gently that the same unseen Power that had provided for and cared for both in this world might perhaps provide even for the humbler life in the next. She leaned to Bishop Butler's view, and thought that a future life for animals was not

improbable on grounds of justice and also on the grounds of their possessing, at least in embryo, capacities that belong to the higher life of men. This humane attitude towards animals was a part of her religion, and her practical rule was to try to make the lives of all in her house as happy as possible. She loved hospitality, and took from her early years a positive pleasure in housekeeping. She was equally thoughtful of the happiness of her servants, gentle, considerate, and courteous to them. In fact, I think the chief pleasure of her old age was to watch the happiness of others and to plan how to bring it about.

She had had in earlier life a great delight in good poetry, as in nature and in study, and though the passionate quality died out of this as of other enjoyments with the weakening of her powers by old age, a quiet pleasure remained. She was fond of writing verse herself, which, if it lacked mastery of form, always had some fundamental brainwork in it; and of this a favorable specimen is "Alone in the Schwarzwald," a religious interpretation of nature in blank verse. Shelley stood alone as her favorite poet even in old age. A copy of his poems had been her companion in her wanderings in the East and in Italy, and she loved him still in her last days. She loved not only the music of his verse, but his humane attitude towards nature and man and the whole animal world. Her lack of ear for instrumental music went, as is often the case, with an intense delight in the music of the best verse. So strong was this love of the music of words that her complete sympathy with her friend Browning's optimism could not reconcile her to the frequent ruggedness of his lines and his perverse ingenuity in hideous rhymes. The music of nature she loved at least as much as the music of words. In the carol of a bird or the singing of

the little river in the woods of Hengwrt was dearer to her than the best that human skill could produce from the most perfect instrument.

She had a great love of gardens and gardening. Her garden was a perpetual solace of her old age. The garden at Hengwrt, bosomed in great trees, is a restful solitude of verdure, lit up with color when the big azaleas inside it or the tall rhododendrons on its borders are in flower, and with the blossoming of luxuriant roses left to grow at their own will. In this garden, when too old to walk much further, she used to wander about or sit in the green seclusion and think: a renewal in old age of the custom of her youth of making the great garden of her father's house her cathedral for solitary worship while the rest of the household were at the village church.

But whether she was in the garden or in the house, the evening of her life, which she desired earnestly to spend in quiet communion with God, was never left long undisturbed. Whenever she might be, she was not suffered to forget the heartbreaking crusade against the practice of vivisection, of which she remained the inspiration till the end. Sheaves of letters came from workers in America as well as in England and on the Continent, seeking counsel or sympathy or help, and the most unknown worker or seeker who wrote to her about the cause received a prompt and full reply from her own pen. After the letters telegrams kept arriving, and an observer could not help seeing that however much the hostess devoted herself to her guests, she could at no time call an hour her own.

But the mere labor of her anti-vivisection work would have been nothing. It was the failure of her efforts to suppress vivisection, a purpose to which she had deliberately consecrated her life, sacrificing everything, her



literary income, the most precious and loved work of her life—her work as a writer on religion, her friendship with distinguished scientific men, her leisure, and much of her great joy in life, this became to her a bitter and intolerable experience. "I have sacrificed everything to it and it is a failure," was often her sad admission. She had succeeded or shown the way to success in every reform she had undertaken before; and it took years of unsuccessful conflict to convince her that in this struggle with scientific research immediate success was not to be expected. The strength of the whole movement for research by experiment in other directions lay in reserve behind the practice she had set herself to abolish. Victory for this cause was the *Nunc Dimittis* for which, with a mere memory of buried hopes that she would live to see it, and with failing powers to carry on the battle, she waited in her last days in vain. There is something infinitely pathetic to those who knew her well in the dreary discouragement of this last period of her life. What she suffered as the hopelessness was borne in upon her, it is not easy for lesser minds and less passionate natures to realize. She had forced herself to study the whole literature of vivisection, and her memory was filled with pictures of tortured animals and ruthless men, so that she realized what vivisection means as very few do. And in long sleepless nights, as she drew in the agonizing consciousness of the steadily rising tide of injustice and cruelty and the stifling consciousness of her own impotence to stay its advance, she told me she was often scarcely able to breathe and at times unable even to pray. Joyfully would she have accepted immediate death if by her death she could have purchased victory.

And, literally, she gave her life to the cause. With her great natural vi-

talities and power of recuperation she might have lived for years had this crushing weight been removed. When the sufferings caused by vivisection are disputed, it would not be unjust to remember that there is no anaesthetic for the sufferings of many of the best and noblest men and women on whose lives the growth of this practice has laid a heavy burden. The effort needed to persevere in the work in spite of its heart-breaking failure was increased by her intense personal distaste for it, and the continual longing to turn to the work she loved best, the study of religion. She spoke or wrote to me of this repeatedly; and not long ago she ended a letter to me on religious books and religious progress with these words: "Oh! how different it is to think of these sublime subjects and our sad work; whenever I revert to them, or look into these books my heart yearns to dwell again in such a pure atmosphere."

But just as in young days she resisted the strong temptation to abandon the squalor and drudgery of her life of workhouse reform in Bristol and return to the life she had enjoyed in the midst of beautiful nature and congenial intellectual society in Italy, so in her last days she resisted the strong temptation to retire from her almost intolerable task and allow herself rest from her labors. With failing strength but steadfast soul she continued her work, an example of service, faithful to the end. In her last days she often referred to the way in which the call of duty had decided her course. "I have found in life," she used to say, "that the very work that I least liked to do, I had to do." That was the case emphatically with vivisection. She made the cause her own, because she could get no one else to do so. The relief with which she gave up her early work to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the dismay



with which she discovered that the great Jermyn Street Society would not undertake the task were very real. And her experience of the work, as she told me more than once, was far worse than her worst anticipations. She could never have stood the strain but for the extraordinary power of the prayer-spirit which she possessed and which was the support of all her serious labors. Prayer was to her not merely a duty but a necessity, an exercise of function, a natural act, "essentially simple and involuntary," as she once said, "like the drawing of the breath." In the power of the prayer-spirit, she engaged on the work at the beginning, realizing some of the sacrifices it involved; in the same power she persevered when the greatness of the sacrifices she had made and the absence of the results she had anticipated had brought the deepest discouragement.

At her great age, and suffering as she did from continually increasing weariness and weakness, the work she carried on, the continual writing of articles and pamphlets, the enormous correspondence (all of it written with her own hand, for she never would consent to dependence on a secretary) were made possible only by the most iron resolution. The great soul, true to the high ideal of duty which had guided it through life in the days of strength and vigor, had literally to force the weary and failing old body to do the work. "How often," writes one of her nieces to me, "have I seen her sit down by the fire to rest and warm herself, thinking she had finished her writing; and then think of another letter that might do some good, get up *immediately*, and set to work again." And in the last few months the tide of life ebbed fast. The tendency to heart failure became more and more pronounced. But through all the gradually increasing weakness

and weariness she continued her strenuous life of duty, rose early, came down to her desk and carried on her correspondence and all her other work. Long before the end she had accepted with resignation the practical certainty that she would never live to see the victory she had labored for so long.

It must not be thought that all her days were spent in labors which it was a pain to perform. To the last she had a happy power of detachment; without that she would never have survived so long. She delighted to the end in social intercourse, and remained a brilliant talker, full of interest in the movement of the world. When I last visited her at the end of January I predicted that she would live for years. I could not believe she was near her end, so eloquent was her talk, so alert her intellect, so full of varied interests her mind.

Our conversation, then as at other times, was chiefly about the future of religion. This was the direction in which we both agreed her best work had been done, and this was always her chief interest. A few extracts from her recent letters will show the movement of her mind at the end of life.

"To try to liberalize the great old Church from within" (she referred to the Church of England, with the Liberal movement with which she was deeply in sympathy)

is a noble endeavor. The religion that must arise out of the ashes of this controversy by-and-by must be very different from what either the Ritualists or the Evangelicals hold—one in which you and I will not be very far apart. I cannot live to see it, but I should prophesy that after great and painful disturbance of minds and vehement controversies there will arise a nobler new Church which may be called one of Christian Theism, in which the Church of England, the Dissenting Churches, the enlightened

Jews, and many now numbered as Agnostics will join in essential if not in formal unity. I suppose you know that we (Theists) have pretty nearly all come to the belief in what we may call the *normality* of inspiration. We think that the wonder is how our poor puny spirits, which live and move in the ocean of the Divine Spirit, are so far and so often separated from Him. And we conceive that the action of God on the intellect is altogether parallel with His action on our moral natures. We call the latter influence "grace," and every religious man believes in it, but does not believe it makes the recipient *impeccable*, and just in the same way we believe the divine influence on the intellect to be "inspiration," but it does not render the most inspired of men *infallible*. I have written all this because I should like to see the point of view from which I look at the Bible. I see here and there through it what appears to me to be undoubtedly divine inspiration. Many of the utterances of the Prophets and Psalmists were most justly heralded by the preface, "Thus saith the Lord," and that the main current of Christ's doctrine is truly and in the highest sense inspired I also believe. But it does not in the least interfere with my profound reverence for such utterances to find them in a book full of every imaginable historical and even *moral* error.

Again:—

It is astonishing how much real scepticism underlies the boasted faith of orthodox people. They believe implicitly that God spoke *long ago* to Abraham and a great many other men, and that they know exactly what He said and where and how, and have it all infallibly written down word for word in a book. But what God says *now*—the revelation of His love and holiness, which He "in whom we live and move and have our being" makes *naturally* and by no miracle in the hearts of His creatures; this they treat as of no account at all, not to be thought of as a safe and sufficient reason for faith and love.

There is a great religious change obviously hanging over the world, and blessed be those who help it to pass safely and teach men *not to lose hold on God* because they are forced to lose hold on rotten cords which, they imagined, bound them to Him.

It is strange to think that Miss Cobbe was in Syria before Renan, but left before his arrival to write the life of Jesus—a book which, with all its charm of style, displeased her deeply, for she detected at once the tendency which afterwards appeared openly in the *Abbesse de Jouarre*. Her optimism did not blind her to the defects of the advanced Liberalism in religion of which she approved. She perceived with regret the failure of many of the advanced Liberals to recognize that negative criticism is only valuable as preparing the way for a deeper and more real religion. They seem, she said, to regard the Higher Criticism as an end in itself, not as I do, as a means. "What pains me much," she wrote recently to me in this connection,

is to see that the recognition of the absolute goodness of God and the love for Him which naturally follows such recognition, is not advancing as it ought to do, *pari passu* with liberation from the old views. There is a *positive* side as well as a *negative* to our new ideas which sorely needs to be put forward.

How true and illuminating are some of her sayings about Christ; for instance, this fine tribute to His unique headship of humanity:—

His coming was to the life of Humanity what Regeneration is to the life of the individual. This is not a conclusion doubtfully deduced from questionable biographies, but a broad plain inference from the universal history of our race. We may dispute all details, but the grand result is beyond criticism. The world has changed, and that change is historically tracea-

ble to Christ. He is not merely a moral Reformer. . . . Nor merely a religious Reformer. He might have taught the world better ethics and better theology, and yet have failed to infuse into it that New Life which has ever since coursed through its arteries and penetrated its minutest veins.

When we descend the slope of old age and are nearing the last steps, the world of our younger days often returns to us and we live again in the past. It was so with her. Her thoughts in the last week of her life went back to her own younger days, to her life in Italy whither I was on the point of starting. She described to me the happy years she had spent there nearly half a century before, lived again in memory in the old surroundings and with the old friends, Mrs. Somerville, the Brownings, Theodore Parker, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and many more all long ago dead. She enjoyed giving me advice what to do and what to see, and looked forward to listening one day to my impressions with an eagerness that showed that her mind had not aged. "If you make any stay in Rome," she wrote, "do take a long drive in the Campagna, where the air does one's very soul good; and so few people ever go out of the galleries and the churches to see God's gallery there. Mary and I made our friendship riding together alone all over it, so it is sacred ground to me." It was a bright and beautiful sunset to the holy and solemn eventide of her laborious life.

The life beyond the grave was in the last few months much in her thoughts, full of hope for the future of religion, full of hope for the moral future of humanity, she continued also full of hope for a better and fuller existence after death. That dark gateway, the darkness of which she felt intensely, was the way, she was certain, to a life of goodness and joy far exceeding human conception. She based this hope

boldly on the absolute goodness of God. "Either man is immortal or God is not just." She rested it, too, on the common sentiment of immortality in mankind, on the testimony of the universal heart of man. Shortly before death she wrote out and sent me two passages from Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies," which she thought most helpful to a right view:—

(1) This idea of the wandering soul is so universal, so obviously founded on the instinctive human refusal or incapacity to accept death as the final extinguisher, that it may be taken as the ultimate basis of religion in a state of nature. (2) But however this may be, one thing seems sure, whatever may be the reason of it, that although the fact that all men die rests upon most direct conclusive and unquestionable evidence, constantly renewed, yet no race of men ever seems to have accepted death as the certain end of the dead man's personality.

To this broad-based faith in personal immortality, a faith she considered of profound importance to the maintenance and development of the higher life in man, she added a corroboration which she thought of some value, though quite subsidiary. What appears to be the last vision of the soul on the brink of departure in cases where the mind is calm and its powers unimpaired, suggested to her a beautiful and comforting possibility. She thought it possible that the affections draw the beloved and loving spirits of the dead to the threshold to receive their arriving friends, and that the mysterious joy, sometimes seen on the face of the dying, is due to the sudden vision of what awaits them. With this possibility in her mind she lived much, she said, in the last months of her life, in the thought of her loved ones who had gone before.

On the morning of her death she rose very early in the cold gray dawn, opened the shutters to let in the light,

and as she walked across the room, the gates of the unseen world opened to her with the merciful swiftness she had hoped and prayed for, and she passed the threshold, perhaps to find her loved ones waiting to receive her in the new life.

A word as to her life work. Her main work was that of a pioneer of religious and moral progress. Yet the visible reforms accomplished by her were not inconsiderable. This is plain when one glances over three chief departments in which she worked for reform, the movements for reform in religion, in the treatment of women, and in the treatment of animals. Of the first I have said something already.

In the reform in the treatment of women her record has visible results to show of which few will question the value. Her labors in the reformatories and workhouses had their part in helping the organized progress that has gone on since, and this is also true of her labors to befriend young servants. Her suggestions in *The Philosophy of the Poor Laws* are embodied in the Laws of New South Wales. Her efforts to advance the higher education of women long ago bore such fruit as the granting to them of University degrees. She did her part in the work that procured the passing of the Married Women's Property Act. The Act to amend the Matrimonial Causes Acts

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was practically hers and continues to do a work of widespread usefulness. If she did not live to see Women's Suffrage an accomplished fact, she saw it far on the way to that position. In the remaining department in which she labored, the reform in the treatment of animals, the results, though not, I think, less valuable, are plainly much less apparent. This was inevitable. A new field of morals had to be explored and mapped out,—what the splendidly signed address, presented to her in her eightieth year, called "the Dark Continent of our relations to our dumb fellow creatures." This pioneer work she did with rare diligence and efficiency, sometimes with the happy intuition of a genius in ethics. If she failed in her main purpose, the suppression of vivisection, she laid the foundations broad and deep for that and all future reforms in a true conception of human duty to the animal world. All the reforms in the treatment of animals which have been so conspicuous a part of moral progress in England in recent years, the reforms with which the immediate future is pregnant, owe much, if they do not owe their very existence, to the movement of which she was the master builder, and thus her achievement where she thought she had failed is really considerable, measured by the indirect results of her work.

*John Verschoyle.*

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE STRANGER.

I thought my heart would have burst when I first sat me down on the high stool in my Uncle Waring's office; I

felt like a stabled colt, or a caged bird, and at times I even told myself I was like a captured butterfly, pinned fast through its vitals. Had I had my will I would rather have driven my Stepfather's team, or plodded my way

through the wholesome brown earth with my hand to the plough; but he would not agree.

"Nay, lad," said he, when I besought him not to make a lawyer of me but to let me bide on the land, "nay, lad; God knows thou art as dear to me as a Son of my own—there's times when I welly think thee my own flesh and blood. But when all's said and done thou art no Forshaw, and the place has been in the hands of the Forshaws for more years than thou or I could reckon. The Delf must belong to thy Brother Johnny when I'm gone."

"Then, Sir," said I, "let me serve my Brother Johnny. He shall be gaffer and I will be man, and I'll work for him honest and faithful."

"Tut, nonsense!" cried my Father. "If I know thee, Luke, thou art as masterful a lad as is to be found in the whole country. Thou'd never bend that stiff neck of thine to bear thy Brother's yoke. Thou'd think of him but as the little chap thou's carried on thy shoulder and given many a clout to. Besides, it wouldn't be seemly. Nay, take the good chance that's offered thee; a stool in thy Uncle Waring's office, and the prospect of being taken into partnership, if thou dost well."

I had, of course, known all along that I was to be a lawyer, having indeed received more schooling than would have fallen to my lot had I been bred a yeoman. I had attended for many years the Merchant Taylors' Grammar School at Great Crosby, where worthy Master Waring, a kinsman of our own, had imparted to me all things necessary for a sound commercial education; aye, and a smattering of the classics, too, for I was a lad of parts, he was pleased to say, and quick at my books.

Nevertheless, for some time after I had ceased to con my tasks my brain had been suffered to lie fallow, and ex-

cept in helping my Father in his farm work I had run wild enough.

But the day came at last when I was forced to face the inevitable; and, though I protested as has been seen, I knew that I should have to give way. My Stepfather was not one who would suffer *nay* to his *yea*; I feared him almost as much as I loved him—and that is saying much; a more kindly, upright, tender-hearted man than Farmer Forshaw was not to be found. I believe, in the length and breadth of England. Except in this matter of my calling he never made me feel that I was not, in truth, his own Son; and I respected him the more for speaking out his mind so clear and straight on that point. We North-countrymen are used to each other's plain ways and rough speech; we love each other all the more for them. 'Tis but honest, I have always thought, to tell a man your true mind whether it be pleasant to him or no; at least he can never cast up at you for having deceived him.

Well, as I say, I was sore grieved at having to exchange my free happy life in the woods and fields for my Uncle's close, gloomy office; had it not been for my daily seven-mile ride to and from his place of business at Upton, the market town, and for getting up early in the morning to ramble about the place, and for working a bit, before supper, in my Mother's garden, I truly think that, sturdy lad though I was, I should have pined and sickened.

One other source of interest and amusement served to enliven the dreary hours of my day: the arrival and departure of the travellers who baited at The Crown Inn just opposite my Uncle's windows.

Sometimes very fine gentlemen alighted from horseback, and I used to watch the reeking nags led away and the folks go swaggering into the house, calling for the Landlord or the Drawer. I used to stare at 'em through the



dusty wire blind—there was a convenient slit in it just opposite my desk—while my Uncle, worthy man, scratched away at his parchments, or added up, half-aloud, as was his irritating custom, interminable rows of figures.

And sometimes ladies of quality came in their great travelling coaches—such a parcel of them clambering out one after the other—Madam and Miss, in their hoods and hoop-petticoats, and little Master, with his fine laced coat, and his miniature sword, and his tiny hat with the Ramillies cock in imitation of his honorable Papa's—and the lady companion, and Mrs. Abigail, and the little black page who stood upon the step. And sometimes a lap-dog, and a parrot-cage, and a monkey, and the Lord knows how much more trumpery. And what with the ostlers running to and fro, and the fine folk grumbling, and their servants bawling, and the unharnessing of the sleek Flemish horses, there was such a stir and bustle in the place as threatened to bring the tiles about our ears.

But on other days only very modest travellers baited at the Crown; itinerant merchants on their pacing nags, men of business proceeding to Liverpool, honest citizens journeying post with their families in a ramshackle hired coach; sometimes strings of pack-horses halted there for a feed and a few hours' rest, while those in charge of them drank and gossiped at the bar.

At half-past twelve we broke off work for an hour. My Uncle went to his parlor for dinner; he would have had me join him, but I invariably declined his hospitality and darted out into the air, there to dispose of the store of food with which my Mother had provided me; and sometimes I would go into the Crown for a glass of beer, that I might gaze my fill at the travelling folk, and hear the latest news from town.

Those were stirring times. My child-

hood was passed in the midst of wars and the rumors of wars. There was scarce a town or village in all England which had not sent forth some of its sons to fight under my Lords Marlborough or Peterborough; but it was wonderful how little people in our quiet neighborhood troubled themselves about the great events of the outside world. Now and then, indeed, we heard of a great victory, and we huzza'd and lit bonfires; and we felt, as became loyal Britons, a very righteous hatred and contempt for the French King and all his army, and we thought there was no such soldier in all the world as my Lord Marlborough.

But we knew better than to give way to great anxiety as to the issue, or to suffer the tenor of our lives to be disturbed by undue depression or elation; our own common sense told us that one Englishman was as good as ten trumpery Frenchmen; and meanwhile the ordinary happenings of every day held more place in our thoughts.

I mind when my Father came back from Liverpool market with news of the Battle of Blenheim, he told us first of how the prices went, and next how Widow Tyrer had broke her leg. At last—

"Oh, yes," says he, "my Lord Marlborough has won a victory, and he hath killed twenty thousand men, and taken the French King prisoner."

The information was, of course, not altogether accurate, but thus are tales noised about the country.

"And will they cut off his head?" cries little Patty, who had heard, to be sure, of the execution of King Charles, and who thought belike that such was the common fate of kings who were made prisoners.

But my Mother clacked her tongue compassionately:—

"Eh, to think o' Martha Tyrer breaking her leg!" says she.

One March day, when the thaw had



come after untimely snow and frost, and the roads were scarce passable for slush and water, though the weather was so mild that the birds were singing and the very air seemed to smell of growing things, a hired coach drew up in the inn yard, the horses mud up to their middles, and the vehicle itself so much splashed that you could scarce have set your finger on a clean spot.

I was standing at the inn door, munching my bread and meat, when the travellers descended. First a little old chap clambered down from the rumble; very bent he was, but active, seemingly, and I noticed that, though the weather was warm, his collar was turned up so high, and his hat pulled down so low, I could scarce see his face. He nipped down and came trotting round to the coach door, elbowing the "Drawer" on one side, and cocking up his lean arm. A very slender white hand was laid upon it, and from inside of the coach there stepped out—a vision.

Though my blood has grown sober enough since then, and my eyes have been gladdened by many bonny sights, I can even now recall something of the wonder and delight with which I gazed upon it.

'Twas a woman of course—a girl, I should say, for the lovely face on which my eyes were fixed was as young and soft as our Patty's at home, and then she had a bloom such as our Patty never had. It was a face at once dark and bright, with a warm, rich color in cheeks and lips, with brown eyes flashing under black brows, and hair black as night. And then, what a shapely lass it was, and how tall! And when she moved I thought she was like some of those goddesses they made us read about at the Grammar School.

I was as honest and hearty and wholesome-minded a lad of my years, I daresay, as any in those days, not given to fancies or phllanderings, never

reading a line of poetry if I could help it, and with a heart beating as regularly as the pendulum of the eight-day clock in the best parlor; yet I give you my word, when the black-eyed wench walked past me with her stately gait and her scornful air, I felt a pang go through this same heart as sharp as if a knife had been driven into it, and the sweat broke out on my brow.

Like the young fool that I was, though I knew that the coach was ordered to start again in an hour, and though I would fain have feasted my eyes for every second of that time upon her lovely face, I durst not make up my mind to follow her, but remained hanging about the yard, gaping in at the doorway and asking an occasional question of the ostlers and stableboys. From these I learned that the lady had posted from Liverpool, having arrived by ferry on the previous night. From some words which her serving man had let fall in the hearing of the post-boy, it would appear that they had journeyed as far as Chester in the common stage. I was surprised at this information, for the lady seemed to me of higher quality than those who made use of such a mode of travelling; but while I was cogitating over it, Mr. Billington, the Landlord of the Crown, came hurrying out, and, catching sight of me, beckoned.

"Can you step here a minute, Luke?" cried he. "There's a lady yon as wants particulars about Lychgate Hall. I were going to fetch your Uncle, but I doubt you'll do as well."

"Ah, that I will," cried I, growing crimson to my hat-brim, and feeling myself to be all at once a great common gawky, shambling lout; though if I am to believe my Mother and Patty I was nothing of the kind, but as well-favored and gallant a lad as any in the place.

In a private room off the bar the damsel was sitting—my damsel as I

guessed it would be—and just behind her the little crooked old man.

"I saw a notice in a News paper," said she, "of a farm to let here. Every advantage offered to a desirable tenant, it says. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"Why, yes, indeed, Madam," I cried eagerly. "Lychgate Hall—'twas at one time a gentleman's house and not a farm at all. 'Tis a fine old house—as much of it as is standing at least—and the land is good land, but we can't let it. It has been on our hands for years. The country folks tell some silly old tale about it as drives every one away."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Landlord at my elbow. "You're a clever fellow, Luke, Ye'll make a gradely lawyer! I reckon if your Uncle was to hear ye he'd tell ye summat. Why you'll be frightening the lady off looking at the place."

"No," said she, "I'm not easily scared. I daresay it might suit me very well. I don't mind idle tales. Pray what rent are you asking, Sir?"

"Faith," says I, "anything we can get."

But here the Landlord nudged me in the ribs.

"Hold hard—hold hard, lad!" he cried. "Ye'll never hear the last o' this job if ye don't manage it a bit better. Ye'd best step across and ask your Uncle to come over hissel—This 'ere young gentleman is new to business, Ma'am," says he to my dark beauty; "he'll be gettin' into trouble if he tries to play the gaffer. He knows naught about the ins and outs o' things," said old Billington, winking and chuckling; "best call in them as does."

I could have shaken him for making so little of me to the lovely girl; treating me as if I were a child instead of a man, full twenty years of age. I thrust on my hat and glowered at him as I passed, and marched out of the

inn and across the road with as proud an air as if I had been Sir Jocelyn himself. I found my Uncle nodding in the parlor over a week-old copy of the News paper, which had first been to the Hall and then to the Parsonage, and of which my Uncle himself, good man, had already conned every line.

"A tenant for Lychgate Hall, did you say?" he cried, starting up. "Quick, lad, reach me down my beaver! Get me my stick—where the deuce are my spectacles? Now, Luke, nip into the office and fetch me that roll of parchment in the ninth pigeon-hole on the left-hand side of my desk. Dust it carefully and bring it over to the Crown. I'll step on first."

By the time I had found the pigeon-hole and dusted the documents my Uncle had entered into parley with the newcomer; and when I arrived on the scene he was expatiating on the many advantages possessed by what he was pleased to term that very desirable residence Lychgate Hall.

"It was at one time the Dower House of the Gillibrand family," he explained. "The property belongs, as you have doubtless noticed in the advertisement, to Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand. The late Baronet's Grandmother lived in it for many a year; and the next Lady Gillibrand preferred to live on the Yorkshire estate during her widowhood."

"It is not at all out of repair, I presume?" queried the lady, with rather a wicked sidelong glance in my direction.

"Out of repair, Madam?" said my Uncle, adjusting his spectacles, and looking very business-like. "There may be a few trifling dilapidations, such as are to be expected in an antique mansion; but they can easily be set to rights, easily indeed."

"Has it been long uninhabited?" was her next question.

I shook in my shoes, for it seemed

to me my Uncle looked at me sharply over his glasses.

"Well," said he, "h'm! h'm!—What a draught comes in at that door, Nephew Luke! Why don't ye shut it, lad? Lychgate Hall, Madam, is a very desirable residence—perhaps a trifle large for ordinary folk. For the commonalty, Madam, a mansion of the kind is perhaps—h'm—a trifle too spacious—"

"Then, possibly—" began she; but extending a bony hand to ensure silence, Lawyer Waring completed his sentence.

"For the commonalty, I say, Madam. To a lady like yourself the mansion would appear eminently suitable. And imposing though it is," he hastened to add, seeing her again look dubious, "you can, if I may say so, adapt its size to your requirements. You may if you choose, for instance, reside in but a single wing, shutting up the rest of the house." (My Uncle knew well that only one wing was at all habitable; nevertheless he spoke as though the dwelling in it would be a matter of choice and not necessity.) "Twould suit you, Madam, I protest, most admirably. Being a retired spot it is eminently adapted to mourning; I grieve to note, my dear young lady, those sable habiliments."

Here my Uncle bowed after a fashion equally discreet and sympathetic, and waved his hand towards the damsel's black garments; she received this attention with a glance that was at once haughty and impatient.

"Before coming to any decision," she said, "I must, of course, inspect both house and land. How am I to be conveyed to this place? Is it far from here?"

At this point I so far forgot myself as to interrupt her.

"Why, 'tis a good nine mile," I broke out; "two mile the otherside of our place. As for riding there in a chaise the

roads are fair bogged just now. The wheels would stick fast as soon as it left the turnpike. The lady must go on horseback."

"Pray who asked your advice, Nephew?" returned my Uncle tartly. "Perhaps riding a-horseback would not be agreeable to the lady."

"Nevertheless, if there is no way of getting a chaise along, I must even venture," cried she. "Is there a side-saddle to be had in this place?"

The Landlord was summoned, but was obliged to confess that such a thing was not to be had. A pillion, indeed, he possessed; the females of his acquaintance being accustomed to ride double behind some male relation or servant.

From having been over-timid I had suddenly grown unusually bold, and before other suggestions could be offered by my elders I struck in with a proposal to convey the lady myself.

"My horse is well used to carrying two," I cried, "and I myself to riding with a pillion behind me. Many a time have I brought my Mother to market, and our Patty too—she often rides with me. And I could show the lady all over the house, and point out the gardens, and the boundaries of the fields better than any man, I believe—except yourself, Sir," I added eagerly, turning to my Uncle.

"I think the idea excellent," exclaimed the girl, before he had time to demur. "'Twill save time and trouble if we start at once. While the horse is being got ready I will take a mouthful of food and then we must be off. Malachi," she added, turning to the old man, "you are to dine and to rest here till I return."

"Ye'd best take me wi' ye," said Malachi gruffly. He talked in a strange fashion, unlike the speech of our folks, but not like the travellers who came from London either.

"No, no," she returned impatiently,

"there is no need for it. Stay quietly here till I come back."

"Go and see to the horse, lad," said my Uncle. "The Lychgate Hall keys are on the peg over pigeon-hole number nine. Take them down and make what haste you can."

I was already half-way down the steps when he hurried after me. "And see, lad—ride warily. The lanes are nigh impassable, though it ill became you to say so. Keep the young woman to the best side of the house if you can, Luke, my boy, and talk of repairs in a general way you know—don't bind us to do too much."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NEW TENANT'S REFERENCES.

In a quarter of an hour I was at the door of the Crown, leading my nag, duly equipped with saddle and pillion. Lawyer Waring was there, waiting by the horseblock, bowing and rubbing his hands.

"I wish I were young enough to take my Nephew's place, Mrs.—? I do not think, Madam, you have yet honored us by mentioning your name?"

"My name is Ullathorne," she said shortly, "Dorothy Ullathorne."

"Since you are to be travelling companions perhaps you will be good enough to allow me to make my Nephew formally known to you," went on he. "This is Master Luke Wright, Son of my worthy Sister, Mrs. Forshaw of The Delf, who was born a Waring, Madam. The lad has good North-country blood in his veins on both sides. I'll venture to say that the Warings and the Wrights are among the most respected families in Lancashire. They have been known for generations to be upright, honorable folk."

Now this was an innocent enough speech, one would think, and if my Uncle were a trifle prolix, it surely

might have been forgiven to a man of his years; yet for some reason or other it seemed to incense Mrs. Ullathorne, who cut him short with a sharpness which took us by surprise.

"Pray, Sir," quoth she, "do you think I can stand here all day listening to your family history? I care nothing at all about your Nephew's pedigree, and I care very much to reach Lychgate Hall while the daylight lasts."

I had been blushing from boyish awkwardness during the foregoing explanation, but now my cheeks fairly flamed with wrath and confusion. In sullen silence I assisted Mrs. Ullathorne to mount, my Uncle falling back a little, for he too was much offended; then I got into my saddle and we set off, she holding on by my broad leather belt. We proceeded for some little distance without a word, but presently she spoke in a tone that was gentle enough.

"I like your horse; I have seldom seen a handsomer beast."

Now if there is one way of reaching the heart of a lad of my years more direct than another it is surely to praise that most cherished of all his possessions, his own particular horse. I was, indeed, inordinately proud of Chestnut, who was a fine animal, very nearly thoroughbred, full of mettle, yet without an ounce of harm in him; so affectionate, too, and faithful that even as a colt he would cease his wildest career round the field to come at my call.

"Why, yes, indeed," I cried, "Chestnut has not his match in the county, I'll dare swear. We bred him ourselves. My Father—that is, my Stepfather, but to me he has ever been as good as my own—he got Chestnut's dam off Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand, and his sire was Red Knight, one of the finest—but I forgot," I cried, breaking off, "you don't care to be troubled with pedigrees."

"I like them well enough when they concern animals," returned she, with such a tone in her voice as was meant, I felt, to set me in my place.

I made no answer, and rode on in renewed dudgeon, till she suddenly remarked with a laugh, which I took to be somewhat malicious, though I could not in decency turn round to glance at her face:—

"Chestnut! Is that what you call him? Truly, Sir, you have very little imagination. As well call a man Long-shanks, or a girl Rosy-cheeks or Dimple."

Now, though as a rule slow with my tongue, I am ready enough to say a sharp thing when I am vexed, so I answered her back, tit for tat, with a promptitude which took myself by surprise.

"Why, I have heard of such things often enough. There's a man at our place called Stumpy—naught else—by all the folks, though he was christened Thomas; and I reckon Dimple would be a pretty enough name for a bonny lass." And I thought of our Patty at home, and of all the little dimples that popped out in her face when she had a mind to be saucy.

"Aha!" quoth she, and her laugh had a more kindly sound, "I may venture to guess that you are speaking of some particular bonny lass—some lass in whom perchance you take a special interest."

"No, Madam, indeed," I cried hastily. "Patty and I are like Brother and Sister; she is a Daughter my Stepfather had by his first Wife. We have been brought up together. She is well enough to look at, but there is no great liking between us, save for the sake of our Parents. How could a man think of courting a lass that he sees every day of his life?"

"I have known such things," said Mrs. Ullathorne, and she heaved a great sigh. "Love comes where he

will and as he will," she went on, "and sometimes in a most unlooked-for fashion."

And thereupon she fell silent.

We had turned off by this time into a grassy track with a hedge on one side and a dyke on the other. Though but a few days before the land had been buried in snow, and though white patches still lingered here and there in shady places, we now found ourselves in mid-spring. The season had been pretty well advanced before the late fall of snow and the long frost which had succeeded it, and everywhere the green was springing up again, unharmed, it would seem, by its imprisonment. All along the thickset hedge-row the leaf-buds were unfolding, the wheat sown in the autumn spread out fair and even like a green carpet; the flags were shooting up in the dyke, and the water trickled through them merrily, swollen by the melted snow. The larks kept rising from the wheat fields, making a brave din over our heads; and in the distance Neighbor Thornton's mill sails swung lazily round. I was ever one to take pleasure in country sights and sounds, but now as Chestnut paced so sedately along, and I felt in every fibre of me the nearness of this lovely Dorothy, and, though she was silent, thought still to hear the tone in which she spoke of the days of love, it seemed to me as if that spring day we journeyed together through paradise.

All at once she broke silence impatiently.

"Pray, Sir, cannot this famous horse of yours mend his pace a little? I vow we might be going to a funeral."

Now Chestnut could walk as fast as another horse could trot, and this she might have noticed for herself.

"To be sure," said I; "he can go as quick as you like; I feared but to jolt you."

And then I chattered to Chestnut



and touched him lightly with the whip, and we set off at a canter. Mrs. Dorothy sat on her pillion as easily as in an armchair, and so we swung along until at a turn in the lane—the land lying lower just there—we suddenly found ourselves in a very swamp. Before I had time to check my horse he was plunging in a morass, and had well-nigh thrown Mrs. Ullathorne, who clung to me with a shriek.

"Never did I see such a God-forsaken place!" she ejaculated petulantly, as we proceeded more cautiously. As for that beast of yours—"

"Madam," cried I hotly, "the fault lies not with him but with your own impatient temper. I told you plain enough before we started that the roads were in a bad state."

She made no reply, and presently, ashamed of my outburst, I ventured to screw my head round so as to glance at her. She did not notice me, but sat looking straight before her, and to my alarm and chagrin I saw that her eyes were full of tears and her bosom was heaving; she was biting her red underlip as though to still its quivering.

"Oh, Madam, forgive me!" I besought, turning right round with an eagerness that had nigh jerked her from her seat. "Confound my unmannerly tongue! I—"

"You!" she interrupted scornfully, "*you!* Think you I would care for anything you could say, poor foolish lad? No, indeed; I have other matters to trouble me."

She stopped short and let her gloomy eyes wander over the landscape again; I had thought it so fair but a few moments before, yet she shuddered as though in disgust.

"I hate this North-country of yours!" cried she. "'Tis lonely and dreary and detestable, with its flat fields, and its swamps, and its windmills, for all the world like great white ghosts or ogres."

"Then, Ma'am," said I, forgetting my recent remorse, and speaking as sharply as herself, "pray why do you come here? Lychgate Hall is lonely enough I promise you. I vow you may call it dreary and desolate and God-forsaken and every ill name you fancy, and it will deserve them all."

"I am glad it is lonely," said she. "Now pray give your attention to your horse, Sir, or we shall all be landed in the ditch."

I had been sitting in such a twisted attitude upon my saddle that I was quite incapable of guiding Chestnut; but as for landing us in the ditch the good beast would never have done the like. I gave him my full attention now, however, and we soon left the morass behind, and by the time we had skirted Withy Woods the track grew tolerably sound again. We spoke no more until we came to the cross-roads, and there I could not forbear pulling up a moment so that I might point out to her my Father's house standing amid the surrounding trees, the yellow walls and goodly array of cornstacks and hayricks showing clearly through the bare boughs.

"Yon's The Delf," I said; "'Tis there that we live."

"A kindly comfortable place," said she; "a happy home, I am sure."

"'Tis that," I returned. "My Mother—nobody could be aught but happy and well-cared for where she's mistress."

After a pause I went on, as we pursued our way again.

"I suppose you'll not be thinking of living all by yourself at Lychgate? Some of your kin will be coming to keep you company."

"I have no kin," she answered very sharply—"no one at all belonging to me. If I like the place I shall want no company but the dumb things I mean to rear, and the folks who will do for me."



"And a Husband some day, no doubt," thought I to myself, but I dared not say so.

At length, and to her evident relief, though I had been well pleased if the way were longer, our journey came to an end. The tumble-down walls of the old Hall stood out against the cypresses and yews which surrounded it; and we halted at the lychgate, which gave its name to the place. It was said, and I believe truly, that this was a real lychgate, and that many a coffin had rested under it in bygone days. The Hall was supposed to have been at one time a Friary, and though all trace of Church or Chapel had disappeared there certainly was an old graveyard to the right of the house. It was there the yew trees grew and the cypresses; and the ground was uneven, and there were large flat stones here and there with writing on them, and a great pile of others lying damaged and broken at the further end. It was said that Cromwell had sent his soldiers to pull down the Church and lay waste the cemetery; and the country folk, moreover, had a tale that it was unlucky to touch, and above all to carry away, any of those loose stones; that indeed it was worse than useless to endeavor to build with them; for that the erection, whatsoever it might be, of which they formed a part was sure to fall to pieces.

We were forced to dismount at the lychgate, and I led Chestnut through; the old wooden barrier which had once been there had fallen to pieces, and any strange beast that chose could easily have found quarters in the deserted park. Sometimes, indeed, this portion of the land was let for grazing, and then the place was made secure by hurdles, but it bore such an ill name that people thought twice about even letting their cattle pasture there. Of late the grass had been cut twice yearly by Sir Jocelyn's orders, and a large

field in the rear of the house was laid down in wheat, that being a crop which was then beginning to be much valued.

I conducted Mrs. Ullathorne to the house first, and to my surprise, instead of being taken aback at its ruinous state, she seemed quite content with it. The middle portion was in the worst condition, the windows shattered, the doors tumbling sideways from their rusty hinges, but the right wing was in tolerable repair, and in the left one was a great room, airy and lightsome, which had probably once been a dining-hall, with a chamber overhead of the same dimensions.

"This will suit me exactly," said Mrs. Ullathorne; "I shall make this large parlor my dairy, and the women whom I shall employ can sleep overhead."

"Madam," said I, "I must tell you the truth, though my Uncle would be vexed if he knew that I did so; you will get no woman from these parts to sleep in this house. The place is said to be haunted, and—"

"Do you think I will be put off by such folly as that?" cried she. "I will take the place, I say, and if your Northern bumpkins will not work for good wage I will find those who will. As for the women-folk, I presume when they find that the bogeys do me no harm they will consent to risk themselves, at least by daylight. I shall be just as well pleased if they sleep at home. I will turn that upper chamber into the cheese-room then. Yes," she went on, "Malachi and I will live in the right wing; we shall want but a few rooms—a parlor, a kitchen and a couple of bed-chambers. They can soon be made habitable. I see there is a little furniture."

"Only a few sticks that the last tenant did not think it worth while to remove," I hinted.

"Take me to the orchard," she commanded, without heeding.

Now the orchard was large and well stocked, and her face brightened as she looked about her. The garden, too, though overrun with weeds had been planted with care; there were still the remains of many sweet herbs, which had resown themselves each year, and there were rose trees and a lavender hedge, all broken and battered and overgrown, and honeysuckles sprawling over the wall; nigh to the lavender hedge a number of green spikes were pricking through, and I afterwards identified them as tulips, which, though they make a brave show in the sunshine, are to my thinking gaudy flaunting things. There was also a great patch of sweet violets, budding away as though they had not been so lately embedded in snow. Mrs. Dorothy ran up and down the neglected paths, and peered into an overgrown arbor, crying out joyfully with each fresh discovery, so that I realized, almost for the first time, what a young creature she was in spite of her stately airs.

All at once she opened a rickety door set in the lower wall, and passed through, I following her closely. We found ourselves in the ruined churchyard.

"What is this?" she cried in an altered voice. "A graveyard! Oh, thank Heaven for it! 'Twas Heaven's mercy that brought me to this spot!"

I stared, as well I might; her face was grave, and her eyes full of tears, yet she wore an expression of deep thankfulness.

"I wouldn't like to live so near a graveyard," said I.

"Mr. Wright," said she, turning with a smile, "I believe you do not wish to have me for a neighbor. Do you know that since we have come here you have done nothing but point out the disadvantages of the place?"

"Nay, Madam," I stammered, "I did but wish to warn you. I—I—indeed I hope you will consent to be our

neighbor. It will be my joy to serve you."

I spoke so eagerly that she could not doubt me; and now, having finished our survey of the premises, I led out Chestnut from his dilapidated stall, and we rode back to Upton.

If Mrs. Ullathorne had appeared to me somewhat over-hasty and unbusiness-like in her eagerness to secure what I could not but think a very unsuitable dwelling place, she displayed in her subsequent dealings with my Uncle a coolness and a sharpness which took us both by surprise. For not only did she refuse point blank to accept the terms proposed by Mr. Waring, but she proceeded to state her own with great firmness and promptitude.

First of all she volunteered to pay yearly a very much smaller sum than that suggested by my Uncle; and, moreover, insisted that this should include ownership of the wheat crop already sown; in the second place she pointed out certain necessary repairs to the house and farm offices which must be undertaken at once. These repairs would not entail any very great expense, and I think my Uncle was rather astonished at the shrewdness which had in so short a time noted the need for them than alarmed at the call on Sir Jocelyn's purse. Finally, she announced her intention of entering into possession immediately.

My Uncle haggled a little over the first two points, but at length gave in; over the third he looked dubious.

"Immediately, my dear Madam? It will take some little time to make the place habitable."

"The work will get on quicker if I am on the spot," said she. There are two or three rooms in the right wing which can be made ready in a few hours for my servant and myself. I propose to lie at the inn yonder for the night, but to-morrow morning he and I will remove thither."

"Impossible!" cried my Uncle and I together, "Madam," continued he, "the place must be reeking damp—'tis—h'm—some little time since anybody dwelt there—and besides—" here he began to rub his hands and to smile ingratiatingly—"we, on our side, have some few requirements. For myself, indeed, your appearance, dear Madam, is a sufficient guarantee; but my employer, Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand—I am, as no doubt you know, acting for Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand—would naturally expect references. Pray, dear Madam, let me know from whom I may obtain references. It is customary when dealing with a stranger—"

At this point he paused, for Mrs. Dorothy had put her hand in her pocket and drawn out a stout leather case from which she produced a roll of bank notes. On the table she now counted out a sufficient number to cover half the sum she proposed to pay annually as rent.

"Those are my references," said she.

My Uncle took them up and examined them one by one; they were good bank notes, unmistakably authentic.

"Well, Madam," said he, with a surprised laugh, "I will not deny that these are very excellent and satisfactory references, but still—it is usual—"

"Take them or leave them, Sir," said she; "no other references will you get from me. As the place bears an ill reputation, and is well-nigh useless to any one at present, and as the sum I offer is more than double that which you will have to expend in the trifling repairs I exact, I should advise you to accept it."

"Why, then," cried he, becoming all at once jocular and hearty, "why then I will—subject to Sir Jocelyn's approval. I will take possession of these

notes, Madam, with your permission."

She was restoring the remainder of the notes to her pocket-book when he looked up.

"Madam, if you will excuse me, I think it very unsafe for you to carry so large a sum about with you. Do you not yourself see the advisability of placing it in sure keeping? I should recommend you to bank it as soon as possible, and meanwhile—"

He paused, and she continued, with great simplicity and unusual gentleness:—

"Meanwhile, would you be so good as to take charge of it for me, Sir? I quite realize the danger of carrying it upon me; should I lose this pocket-book I should lose my all."

"Madam," returned the lawyer, much flattered, "I am extremely sensible of the confidence you repose in me, and I assure you it shall not be abused. I have a fire-proof safe here built into the wall, where title-deeds and other valuables belonging to my clients are bestowed in safety. I will give you a receipt for your money and pledge myself to take care of it until such time as you can place it in a bank."

"Nay," she returned, frowning, "I have no wish to place it in a bank, Sir; I shall need to draw out a large portion of this sum to stock my farm, and—for other purposes. Therefore, it will be a convenience to me if you will consent to keep it for me."

My Uncle agreed in some surprise, and proceeded to take stock of the contents of her pocket-book, which proved to hold notes to the amount of several hundred pounds. She kept back a small sum for her actual needs, and, having duly taken possession of a receipt for the remainder, saluted my Uncle and went away, wearing a very serious face.

*The London Times.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PLAGUE OF NOVELS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks somewhere, that every man has within him the material for at least one novel. As the greater contains the less, this must hold true of woman as well. At any rate, the excessive production of novels would seem to indicate that not only has every man and woman the material for one novel—nay, for a score of novels—but that every man and woman is bent upon putting that material inside the covers of a book. Last year no fewer than eighteen hundred and fifty-nine novels were published in this country. The figures are really astounding. Just think of it—say five novels a day! Nor is that all, for the eighteen hundred do not include new editions of old novels—the sixpenny reprints, for example, which alone represent a vast constituency of readers. Probably, too, if one were to be quite exact, a large number of foreign novels ought to be added, thus bringing the total up to a good round two thousand or more.

It will hardly be contended, even by the most ardent lover of fiction, that this enormous output of so-called "light literature" is a commendable thing. It might be a commendable thing if every one of the eighteen hundred novels were a work of art, like the novels of Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray. Nay, if every one of the eighteen hundred was even a passably good novel, one might look at the figures with a certain equanimity, though the effect upon serious literature of such a preponderance of the fiction element would still give rise to disquieting reflections. But the trouble is that the great bulk of our current fiction is so bad—so distressingly and so appallingly bad. Not more than five out of every hun-

dred novels published are artistically satisfying; not one in every thousand has the slightest chance of immortality. Many of these novels are not even written in decent English. The plots are incoherent when they are not hackneyed, the characterization is limp and feeble, the dialogue is imbecile and superficial; in short, the whole performance is not worth the ink and paper expended upon it. This is admitted by everybody who has any right to express an opinion at all. Reviewers are heartily sick of these miserable "romances," and say insincere things about them, having the fear of the advertisement-manager before their eyes. The public are sick of them, for they do not buy them; and the booksellers are sick of them because they cannot sell them. Why, then, are they published?

That is the puzzle. In this world most people want to make money. The average novelist certainly does. True, he may want to make fame as well, but, unless he is a person of independent means, he will want to make fortune first and fame afterwards. Now what are the chances of fortune for the writers of these eighteen hundred novels? How many of them actually find purchasers? The circulating libraries, of course, use up a large number of novels by even comparatively unknown writers. But do the comparatively unknown writers sell in the bookshops? And how does it fare with the writers who are totally unknown? There are thousands of people, regular readers of fiction, who would never dream of buying a novel, especially a six-shilling novel, even by an author of repute. "The book is no use after it is once read," they will tell

you, and they save their money for works that can be put on the shelf and read again and again. In the case of the author who has still to make a name, the prime difficulty must be, not to find purchasers, but to find readers. Not long ago, according to the *Publishers' Circular*, a bookseller in a large way of business stated that he had fifteen different new six-shilling novels offered to him in one day, and that he had declined to subscribe for any of them. "I have too many of the same kind on my shelves already," he said. Shortly afterwards an evening paper reviewed these fifteen new novels in a slump notice of half-column length—not, perhaps, the identical fifteen, but what does it matter about the identical fifteen? Judging from one's experience, they would be all as like as two peas. The point is, how many copies of the fifteen were actually sold? How many of the fifteen paid for the mere cost of production? Probably less than five hundred copies of the entire lot were sold; probably not one of the fifteen paid its expenses.

And here it may be well to inquire what are the expenses of a six-shilling novel? They vary somewhat, no doubt, but one may easily get at the average cost. Speaking generally, the cost of producing a six-shilling novel is one shilling per copy. If the number be large, the average is reduced to ninepence per copy; if very small it is increased to one and threepence. The novelist who pays for his vanity—that is, who bears the expense of seeing himself in print—will have to pay anything from £50 to £100. One has heard of £150 being asked. It all depends upon the particular house to which the aspirant may carry his manuscript. A popular novelist has recounted to me a little incident in his own experience. At the outset of his career, he wrote a boy's book. He sent it to a London firm of publishers, who said they liked

it, and would be glad to publish it if he paid £85 towards cost of production. Happening to know something about the trade, the author saw at once that this was nearly double the actual cost, and he accordingly asked for the return of his manuscript. When it came, he posted it off to another firm, and in due course received an offer of £50 for the copyright, which of course he accepted. If he had not known better, he would have written a cheque for £85—supposing he had the money—and the commission firm would have put his book on the market. That is the way with three-fourths of the unknown novelists. They send their manuscripts to the publisher; the publisher says: "Yes, your story is very good. I will be glad to produce it if you will contribute so much towards the cost." As a rule the "so much" is the total cost and a little over. The publisher loses nothing; the author loses the amount of his cheque; and the public—well, the public read another wretched novel for want of something better to do, and oblivion immediately scatters her poppies over the author. He gets into the "remainder" lists, at a price which represents little more than the binding alone, and if the remainder list fails to get rid of him, he goes to the butterman. And yet he continues to write! Hope springs eternal in the breast of the unappreciated novelist—the hope of finding himself some day in the front rank, to be named in literary history with the great gods of fiction whom the publisher reprints gladly.

How far the publishers are to blame for the continued appearance of these half-baked novelists it would not be easy to say. It is easy enough to say that the publisher should accept only such novels as his advisers know to be thoroughly good, that he should accept no novel upon which he would not risk his own money. But this is an unattainable ideal; and, moreover, suppos-



ing it were attainable, it would always involve the possible chance of the public's losing a good thing, whose merit had not struck the publishers' reader. Publishers' readers are but human after all; they have before now declined books which turned out a success when issued by the author at his own expense. Mr. James Payn declined "John Inglesant"; and there are other notorious examples of the kind. It is one of the pet contentions of the Authors' Society, that publishers should in no case encourage authors to publish at their own expense. In principle the Society is right. But publishers are business men; and even publishers cannot restrain an author who has faith in himself, as every author has. To be sure, a union of publishers, sworn to a "No Authors' Expense" policy, might act as an effectual check. But as things are, such a union is impossible. There are a dozen or more publishing firms whose existence is practically dependent on the author's cheque. They reply to aspirants' ambitions of literary distinction in stereotyped circulars. They never decline anything unless it is outrageously bad. They will not risk their own money, but they will risk the author's; and when the author sends the stipulated sum "to cover cost of production," they will "at once place the manuscript in the printer's hands." Of course provision is always made in the agreement for profits, "if any." The author is to have, as a rule, two-thirds, the publisher one-third. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the author gets nothing. The publisher has already paid himself out of the author's cheque, and the spider and fly business goes on as before.

So long as these commission firms continue their operations, it can hardly be expected that the more reputable firms will refuse the author's money. There was a time not so long ago when

no reputable firm would have accepted a novel for the production of which the firm were not prepared to spend their own capital. Few houses of that kind can be in existence now. One of the most significant circumstances in the recent history of publishing is that even Mr. John Murray has been obliged to undertake the publication of novels, in self-defence, as it were. Albemarle Street never published novels in the old days, but Albemarle Street finds that in order to put money in its purse it must do as other houses do, and make concessions to the popular craze for "light literature." Is it to be supposed that Albemarle Street rejoices in the modern theory that no book that is a book and not a literary miracle can find favor if it does not offer itself in the guise of a novel? Not very likely. But business is business. The novel is good business, the best business; therefore let the novel have first place in the publishers' lists, even if the author himself has to pay the piper.

The idea that the public will look at a book only if it is cast in fiction form has no doubt a great deal to do with the over-production of novels. A writer may have something to say about Popery, or Pauperism, or Prison Reform, about the Immortality of the Soul, or the Theory of Population, about Army Reform, or the Tyranny of the Marriage Laws. What then? He knows that nobody will read him if he writes a serious book on his pet theme; therefore he clothes his pet theme in the garb of romance. A good third of the novels published every year ought really to have been issued as tracts. Not long ago a well-known critic wrote that whosoever picks up the most popular romances of the day and opens them at hazard, will light, at every dip, on such phrases as "The Church," "The Method of Christianity," "Heaven, Earth, and the Soul," "The True Modernity in Woman,"

"Occidental Religion," and so forth. Speculations on Ether and Atoms abound, the romancers being evidently persuaded that you can see an atom under a microscope. Even archaeology and the spirit of antiquity may be made to form the groundwork of a novel. But why labor the point? "It is the simple truth to say," writes a well-known novelist, "that the best literary talent of England to-day goes into fiction." It is indeed the simple truth: can we wonder that the talent which is *not* the best follows the lead?

Certainly, the talent which is not the best gets plenty of encouragement in some quarters. It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that one great cause of the over-production of novels lies in the absurd notion now prevalent that the art of fiction can be taught. At no period in the history of literature were novelists so well looked after as they are to-day. The number of critics ever watching for an opportunity to tender advice to them is rapidly increasing, and whole volumes are produced for the guidance and instruction of the story-teller. "How to become a novelist" is made the subject of symposia in the magazines, and "How to Write Fiction" finds a place among the literature of the railway bookstalls. It is all rather staggering according to the old-fashioned idea of romancing, by which one supposed that the novelist, as Izaak Walton said of the angler, was "born to be so." But there is no doubt about it. Novel-writing is now a mere matter of training, like the making of boots or bricks.

Do you wish to write a short story, for example? All you have to do is to get a striking idea, a novel situation, a remarkable trait of character. Then introduce your idea or your character in the first sentence, something after this manner: "She was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of des-

tiny, born in a family of clerks." That is plain enough. James Payn once told a beginner in fiction that it was useless to make a brilliant start unless he had wind—that is to say, invention—to carry on the tale. But doctors notoriously differ. One reads in the symposium that, "having a right start, it is not difficult to go straight ahead to the end successfully, in a simple and natural manner." As for style, the neophyte is advised to go back to Macaulay—of all stylists for the novelist! Thackeray, Dickens, George Elliot: these need not be studied, because "the fact is, they sometimes fall in their verbal style." Imagine Thackeray in the stylists' Index Expurgatorius! How is the budding novelist to keep his head amid these contradictions? The budding novelist very likely pays no heed to the multitude of his counsellors, but goes right forward secure in that belief in himself which, in novel-writing, fortunately does not always conquer the world. The truth is, of course, that novel-writing cannot be taught. As that already defunct heroine, Isabel Carnaby, remarks: "I always say that writing is like flirting: if you can't do it, nobody can teach you to do it; and if you can do it, nobody can keep you from doing it." The pitiable thing is that those who can't do it are not kept from trying to do it; nay, that they are even deluded by interested persons into the notion that they can do it.

A tax upon novels has been seriously proposed by some who deplore the ever-increasing flood of rubbish which pours from the publishers' offices. But an imposition of this kind would be quite ineffective. No tax would restrain a novelist who was assured of the ultimate success of his own work. As matters stand at present, the publisher may quote him a bill of £80 for the production of a six-shilling novel. Supposing that £20 more were to be added by way of tax, would that prevent the

publication of the author's story? Not a bit of it. The £100 would be paid as cheerfully as the £80 by a writer who expects to get it all back, and something more, when the merits of his novel have at last dawned upon a generally undiscerning public. As for the publisher, he puts his money only on men in whom he has confidence; and if he were to be taxed he would make the public pay the impost, just as the tea-merchant and the distiller make the public pay on their respective commodities. A tax on something that the public really want would have to be very heavy in order to seriously restrict the output. The public seem to want fiction, as much as they want bread and butter, and they will have it, whether fiction is taxed or not.

That is really the conclusion of the whole business. We may deplore the ever-increasing flood of novels, but so long as the reading public continue

*The Fortnightly Review.*

their preference for light literature to the almost total neglect of other forms of writing, so long will the publishers and the novelists, good and bad, continue to supply the demand. Even criticism will not greatly help to stem the current of futile fiction. Some of the novels that have attained the largest circulations of modern times have been pronounced by the entire critical craft to be destitute of nearly every quality that a first-rate work of fiction ought to possess. Writers could be named whose novels would sell by the hundred thousand though they were the veriest rubbish that ever poured from the groaning press. The matter is entirely in the hands of the public. When the public awakens to a sense of its shameful neglect of the higher and more serious forms of literature, then the plague of novels will be somewhat stayed. Meanwhile the public gets in fiction exactly what it asks for.

*J. Cuthbert Hadden.*

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## THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

I have travelled now over all the great continental railway systems that are already completed, the trans-European (which is too much a matter of course to be interesting), the trans-American, and the trans-Asian, and I fully expect, if my doctor is reasonably successful in prolonging life, to add a trans-African journey to my experiences. When it is once built, the line from Cape to Cairo will easily rank first in its romantic interest, its daring achievement in piercing that baffling dark continent which even these days of exploration have not robbed of its mystery, perhaps even in its engineering feats, though the palm for them rests at present with America, with its precipitous descent on the Pacific side of the Rocky

Mountains; but for sheer stupendous length, neither of them will be able to vie with the Siberian railway, and I acknowledge reluctantly that so far, in spite of those short miles of switch-back to the American shore of the Pacific, the prize for railway enterprises lies, not with the English but with the Tartar race.

I travelled out to the East by the ordinary water-route, enjoying the adventure of a cyclone on my way, and after a pleasant journey through Japan, found myself at Shan-hai-kwan and from thence prepared to return to Western civilization by rail. Eclipsed by its gigantic neighbor, the railway line that runs through Shan-hai-kwan to Niuchwang, built by British capital

and under British supervision, has hardly met with the attention it deserves. It is a splendid line, better laid even than the trans-Siberian which almost baffles fault-finding, finely bridging river after river which here form the chief obstacles, with their severe yearly floods. I left Shan-hai-kwan on a Saturday in the very early morning, and a twelve hours' run brought me to the terminus opposite Niuchwang. The Tah-ling-hur I crossed about noon by a temporary bridge, a bridge that has to be taken to pieces and removed every twelve months before the oncoming of the rains, which soon swell the river into a raging sea overturning all but the strongest structures; but a permanent bridge was well advanced towards completion and by now must have taken the place of its wooden predecessor. It was almost dusk when I left the train and embarked on the ferry boat which was to carry me across the Leao to the treaty-port of the Niuchwang. It was a fine stream of immense span from bank to bank, flowing with a strong, eager current, and breaking here and there into tiny waves which caught the last, rose-colored reflections from the rapidly darkening sky. A gray, shadowy sea lay on one side of me; on the other, a great fleet of junks slipped silently away up the river, grotesque in outline, but in that dim light wearing an air of unreality, of mystery, and I know not what of the glamor of the Orient took me for an instant by the throat. Life was serious enough, however, to those junks crowding up the river together and not daring to part company even in the interests of competitive commerce; for the upper reaches of the Leao swarm with pirates, and the only hope of safety for these peaceful merchant-men (for the Chinese trader is by no means bellicose) lies in travelling in such numbers as to render attack formidable by sheer weight of resistance.

I left my boat at the Niuchwang quay and went on to Russia-town which is the terminus of the Manchurian railway, and there I took the train on Sunday at half-past six in the morning. I was the only Englishman on the journey, and shared my coupé with a German, a pleasant, intelligent man who, fortunately for me, spoke English. We were travelling second-class, as no one on the Siberian railway travels first except those who have their tickets paid for them by somebody else; and as the second is just as good as the first, and carries with it the same privileges, the only difference between the two that I could find was that the second-class carriages were fitted up to take four passengers instead of two. The German and I approached the Chief of the train, an official who acts as general overseer and is a sort of Czar of a little rolling kingdom, and offered him twenty roubles to keep the carriage to ourselves; but he demanded one full fare, and so we decided to trust to luck, which seemed easily on our side as there were several empty coupés. But at Kharbin, where the passengers from Vladivostok joined the train, his outraged majesty presented us with a travelling companion. He was a Frenchman, an Alsatian, who to our joy refused point-blank to occupy a carriage with two others while there were other compartments, and tenantless, on the train. The argument soon grew warlike, but it ended in the Alsatian carrying his point and bundling his traps out of our sight. But he had made an enemy of the Chief who came back complaining bitterly (and to us of all people!) of the insults he had been subjected to by "that brute of an Englishman," for along the Siberian railway any man who makes a fuss and gives trouble, however much within his rights, must of necessity be English. This assumption that the British must be at the bot-

tom of every fracas was a revelation to me, and I was struck again and again on my journey with the hatred and suspicion with which the Russians view our every action. Not that I personally was ever treated with discourtesy; as an individual I met with the same attention as my fellow-passengers, but the instinct of alienation from the English as a people sprang to light on many an occasion, and often quite needlessly. I remember a German who was visiting us one day calling the attention of the Chief to the embarrassment caused by the officials understanding no language except Russian, although this railway might almost be looked upon as an international concern, and as such, an interpreter at least might have been expected to be aboard. Our despot turned upon him at once. "Ah, you're English!" he cried, crimsoning. "Well now, suppose I were travelling from London to Edinburgh, would I find anybody to translate for me? Wouldn't I have to speak your language? So it is here. When you are in Russia, you must come on Russian legs, and speak the Russian tongue, or else you can stop away." So it is that there are no interpreters on Russian railways, that the staff speak no language but Russian, except the chiefs of the trains themselves who add a passable knowledge of French to their duties, and it was in that language that we conversed.

The travelling by the Siberian Express is extremely good; indeed it compares favorably with American travelling which is generally supposed to be the acme of comfort. No great speed is attained, twenty miles an hour being the average, but even so the smoothness of the line is surprising, and on that journey of fifteen days' duration the only jolting I suffered was between Queenborough and London. I travelled in a corridor train, fitted up with elec-

tric light, with bedding of passable quality which was occasionally changed, and with good washing arrangements, though it is necessary to bring one's private soap and towel on board. Plenty of luggage, in fact a heavy porter's load, is allowed in the carriage, though tin cases of any description must be relegated to a van, but as I travelled light I was able to have all my belongings with me. A dining-car was also attached to the train; the fare was plentiful and of its kind good, but as that kind was Russian, everything swam in grease, and a squeamish person might have got off rather uncomfortably. Every day was served a Russian soup (the name must be pronounced in exactly the same way as an ordinary man sneezes) of boiled bones, with plenty of cabbage in it and a great slab of meat at the bottom. This dish was satisfying, to say the least of it, and was quite a meal in itself. I always made shift with the roast beef, beefsteak, or *entrecôtes*, one of which dishes was served every day, though the meat must have been cut from the ribs, not of an ox but, of an old horse, to judge by the toughness. The waiting in the dining-car is the worst thing on the Russian trains. The waiters speak nothing but their own language and have no idea of punctuality. I thought myself lucky if my meal was served half-an-hour after I had ordered it, and then it only arrived if I had solicited my man's favor with a rouble. A rouble in fact was the one emollient that made the wheels of our life go round at all, and it had to be repeated in judicious doses.

Our train being the special express, it kept very well up to time throughout the journey, but ordinary trains are most unpunctual, and are shunted off to sidings without compunction and on the least provocation. Russians, from what I have seen of them and especially the Russian peasantry, have



no idea of time, and in this respect are thoroughly Oriental in their habit of mind. When they travel, they take all their household belongings with them and entrench themselves in their compartment for a long stay. Their food they may supplement from the buffets along the line, but the greater part they carry with them, and if asked when they expect to reach their destination, they only answer with an uncomprehending stare. Ask a Russian what o'clock it is, and he will look at you in surprise. "What sort of a fellow is this?" he seems to be thinking. "Of what earthly good can it be to him what time is it?" Or he will suspect vaguely that in some way unknown to him your question has some dark political meaning, so that no matter which of these two trains of ideas starts in his head, he will answer after a pause that he does not know. But I have left my train at Kharbin all this time and must rejoin it.

Kharbin is as much a mushroom town as any in America and is entirely built of wood, which after all is an improvement on the biscuit-tins of Kimberley. There are no made roads but separating one line of houses from another lies sometimes a slough of despond and sometimes the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and to pass through, or over, either sort of highway is an experience never to be forgotten. Kharbin must be a town of some thirty thousand inhabitants and twenty-five thousand soldiers. Soldiers indeed are ubiquitous, patrolling the railway line from end to end, and massed in barracks near the towns, and the most perfect order is preserved everywhere within reach of the steam-engine. The passengers from Vladivostok came to swell our numbers here, and among them were two British ladies who had been most courageously making an extended tour in the East on nothing but their own language and a smattering of French

spoken with a broad Irish accent; but for them I should have been the only representative of our country among a cosmopolitan crew. All along our route through Manchuria it was impossible not to be struck by the apparent prosperity of the Chinese. There were little villages dotted thickly about in every direction, with tilled fields around each, and the populous nature of the country was emphasized afterwards in my mind by the uninhabited wilds of Siberia. To all appearance the Chinese thrive as contentedly under the rule of the Foreign Devils as under their own Heavenly dynasty; but they are certainly among the most difficult people to understand, their point of view being so entirely different from ours that it becomes invisible, and I doubt if they are or can ever be quite intelligible to a Western mind. I remember one incident at Singapore during the Boxer rising that brought me into closer fellow sympathy with them than before, and made me think they possessed a fair share of grim humor, though the reputed experts on their character deny them that human quality. A warship (an Italian warship I think it was) had called in at the port for coal, and her bunkers were filled by Chinese coolies, working overtime that she might sail again at the first possible moment for the scene of the trouble. As the cruiser steamed out of the harbor, John Pigtail ranged up into line to speed her on her way to Tientsin, and slowly, without the shadow of a smile, each man drew his hand significantly across his throat.

Beyond Kharbin we ran into the steppe country, that most solemn scenery on the earth with its clean, uninterrupted sweep of horizon from pole to pole. Passing through these level stretches, the landscape broke up into fine hills with rounded tops, called the Khingans, which, after the precipitous

heights of India, it is difficult to designate as mountains. They reach a very passable elevation, however, and the varied outline of green and often wooded hills, and of deep valleys through which a wide stream inevitably ran, was rarely pleasing to the eye after the awe-inspiring distances of the steppe. There was never a tunnel to pass through on this gigantic railway from Port Arthur to the Urals, but the train climbed up the even-sloping hill in wide zigzags while I, and most of the passengers for that matter, glad of an excuse to vary the monotony of the journey and to escape from the jar of the reversing stations, avoided the long detour by cutting across the points of the zigzag and clambering straight up the mountain side, to join our carriages again at the summit. On reaching Manchuria station we passed into nominal Russian territory and found ourselves at once hopelessly confused as to the time. Up to then we had used ordinary Central Manchurian time, but now St. Petersburg time became the law; and so it happened that though we reached Manchuria at seven in the morning of one day, we left it at a quarter to three of the night before.

It is almost with a shock that one passes from Manchuria to Siberia, so great is the difference of outlook. While in the former there is a close population, in the latter there is an utter dearth of human inhabitants. The towns lie about a thousand miles apart and between them is hardly a vestige of occupation. From time to time is a roadside station, where the engine takes in water, and where a couple of railway men live in unenvied loneliness, with perhaps two or three peasant families scattered down the line on one side or the other, who boarded the train with offers of cheese, cream, and wild strawberries; but except for these, solitude reigned as undefiled as when the world began. Save for the tiny patches

of cultivation here and there near the railway, the hand of man had never touched these vast stretches of country, and hour upon hour we passed through lovely scenery, forests of firs and silver birches, low hills and shallow valleys, rivulets, and flowers,—flowers everywhere, flowers farther than the straining eye could reach, flowers up to the waste frozen marshes of the North. For miles and miles the flowers rioted in rich confusion of color; almost all the Himalayan varieties were here represented, and as we stopped from time to time to take in water I would step out of the carriage and pick great bunches, there to my hand, of peonies pink and white, of purple irises and clematis, of yellow china lilies and wild white roses, of double ranunculi in every shade of tint. My German companion and I passed half our day at the window; but even this paradise of color grew confusing after a time, and we were glad to turn our eyes from the bewildering panorama and rest them with the quieter pleasures of a book and, still better, of chess.

Our games of chess were the signal for all the passengers to assemble in our carriage as spectators, and it was on the first day of this informal levee that, the sun being unpleasantly hot even for Siberia, we were glad to get rid of our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves. But our undress shocked some good lady, who complained to the Chief of the train, and presently he arrived to say, with much beating about the bush, that of course it was all right,—but he had heard,—in fact we were not dressed according to Russian ideas,—and, to put it shortly, we must either put on our coats or shut the door of our carriage. One of our audience, a German, was very indignant at what he called an assault on the liberties of man. "Why," he expostulated, "this is the fashion of their country. They appear in that costume when they play

tennis before the queen of England herself, and what is good enough for Queen Alexandra is good enough for a railway official." Our Sultan shrugged his shoulders and at once put the German down as my fellow-countryman. He said he did not know what fashions the English Queen allowed or not, and he did not care. He only knew that while we were in Russia we must be Russian in fashion, and in Russia it was indecent for a man to appear in his shirt-sleeves, and so to put on our coats we were obliged. I dressed in knickerbockers after that, and though several people looked askance at my stockings, nothing was said openly against my attire; and as I felt it was good for their souls to gain some wider ideas on the subject of clothes I remained staunch to this costume.

We reached Myssovala on Lake Baikal in a thick sea-fog, which prevented us seeing much of our surroundings, and chilled us through to the bone in spite of our heaviest overcoats. Our train ran alongside the jetty, and bidding farewell to our god on wheels we went on board the *Angara*, a fine boat with the snout bows necessary for breaking through the heavy ice which forms over this inland sea in the winter, and crossing over in her to Baikal Station, we took a fresh train and came on to Irkutsk where a halt was called, and we all swarmed out of our prison, welcoming any diversion. On the platform I spied a peasant woman carrying a baby and a huge bouquet of the flowers we had lately been passing, and the two Irish ladies at once coveted so much sweetness. How to supply their wishes, however, was another matter. I tried French with no result; I held out some silver on the palm of my hand and pointed to the flowers with the other, but the woman turned coldly away. At last a thought struck me. Snatching up some fruit from a stall

close by, for which I flung down its probable value in kopecks, I thrust it into the child's hand, and at this at last the mother smiled and scanned me with interest. Instantly I lifted the bouquet from her hand and smiled at her in turn; and quickly now she seized my meaning and pressed back upon me both flowers and fruit with many bright nods and eager gestures, until it was with difficulty that I prevented the child from being robbed of its spoils.

Irkutsk, like most of the large towns along the line, is well laid out and lighted, with many handsome stone buildings. Its next neighbor, a thousand miles further on, is a shipping centre with great wharves and plenty of river traffic during the summer months, by way of the Arctic Ocean from the White Sea. But exports from Siberia must be a negligible quantity. The peasants raise no more than enough for their own personal wants, and any army in the Far East must be fed entirely by rail from Europe. It was in this connection that I observed the remarkable dearth of rolling-stock on this strategic Russian line. Everything seemed sacrificed to passenger and troop service; and if in war the Russian army on the Pacific seaboard is to depend for the necessities of life and strife upon the Siberian railway alone, there must ensue a very serious state of things, compared to which the difficulties of our transport in the Boer war will be as nothing. There is one commodity in which Siberia is wealthy, and that is horseflesh. All over those wonderful steppes herds of ponies browse, stout hardy little beasts, an invaluable asset in time of war. From time to time we came upon fair quantities of stolid cattle, but the ponies were everywhere, now nibbling demurely at the grass, now with a mad flourish of hoofs galloping off to a little distance, there to turn

and watch us through their wind-blown manes. Nor can I pass from Siberia's equine riches without mentioning her equally ubiquitous mosquitoes. I have not been in the Klondyke, but I am confident that the venomous mid-Asian variety of mosquito must be hard to beat. The wayside residents never seemed to stray abroad without enveloping their faces and hands in thick green veils, and if by mischance one of these agile pests gained entrance to our carriage, a period of restlessness and activity supervened until our tormentor had paid for its boldness with its life.

Day by day we travelled steadily westward. Troop trains passed us continually on their way to Manchuria; six a day was the average that swung by, while about once a day a convict train, sometimes by itself, sometimes attached to the rear of an ordinary passenger train, hurried inexorably past. These convicts seemed to be confined in the usual third-class carriages, but the windows were heavily barred, and at every stopping place the Cossack guard formed up on both sides of the train, with drawn swords in their hands, even the women's and children's compartments being hedged about by that barrier of naked steel. As we ran into Penza, we found the whole town *en fête*, bidding farewell to the 123rd regiment which was entraining for the Far East. The eager crowds and hearty shouts put me irresistibly in mind of the days when we had sent out our soldiers to South Africa with just such confident affection and pride. Here, in the heart of another vast Empire, men of alien blood, who had hardly heard of the Transvaal, were giving way to the self-same emotions and expressing them in the self-same way, and for a moment I shut my eyes and imagined myself in England. My German companion, taking me in tow, crossed the metals and spoke to the sol-

diers as they hung out of the windows in excited batches. "Where are you going?" he asked, and presently one who understood French struggled to the fore and, with an indescribable grin upon his face, replied grimly, "We are going to evacuate Manchuria!"

On this side of the Urals the scenery was again greatly changed from that of Siberia. The waste steppes gave place to vistas of corn land, though the villages were still few and far between. Nor are the peasants as a rule directly interested in the corn-crop, which is chiefly to the benefit of the landed proprietors who leave the cultivation in the hands of agents, and these frequently import their labor at harvest-time and use machinery to the widest extent possible. Instead of cream and strawberries, as in Siberia, the peasants here bring wax figures of convicts in chains to the trains to dispose of, and quantities of lace, for lace-making in these parts attains the rank of an industry. Great works, principally iron works, have sprung up in these towns under M. Witte's encouraging hand, and samples of the manufactures are exhibited on stalls at all the stations where the principal trains pause for breath. But of trustworthy news there is an utter dearth. Russian posts are sent, not by express, but, by slow train, for who, except a mad Englishman, needs to read the news or to know the time? At Tchelabinsk I had the curiosity to buy a halfpenny London paper of a week old for the equivalent of two-pence, and found all the information, both of the Near and of the Far East, carefully smudged out.

I was now nearing my journey's end, but I had yet one amusing experience before me ere I left Russia and its fashions. The passport I had received at Niuchwang I had never had occasion to have viséd, as I had been careful not to sleep a single night away from the train, but with the purpose of avoiding

any encounter, however trivial, with the formidable Russian police. But now that I was at the frontier I found that, by this very circumstance, I had never obtained permission to leave the country. The gendarme at Alexandrovo, who was looking at my passport, evidently thought me a suspicious character, and as he had no words of any language with which I was familiar, and I had no words of Russian, we could not arrive at a diplomatic settlement. At last he gave me to understand by signs that I was free to go about the town for a little, while he looked into the matter, and when I ventured to return after a short walk, he met me with a cleared brow and these words in English, dropped slowly like stones into a deep well—"You—may—go." I asked for

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my passport, but here our understanding ended, and he waved me to the train, where I was at last reluctantly obliged to take my seat. Then, just as the hour for starting struck, a small corps of police boarded the train, distributed to each his passport, with permission to depart, and as the engine got into motion, they swung themselves off the footboard and we were free. Whatever may be said of some phases of Russian rule, the thoroughness of their police service can never be called in question. They keep their eye on a man so long as he is within the confines of their Empire; and when he wishes to leave, they see to it that he really does leave, and does not get left behind by any mistake.

I. Dobbie.

#### A REMARQUE IN THE MARGIN.

It is to William Baxter, Master Mariner, that I owe the first part of this story. I made his acquaintance by chance, during a passage home from India in the vessel he was then commanding, the *Aurungzib*. It was in September, the time when those favored folk who can choose their seasons are on the way eastward, and for the homeward run passengers were very few. I soon found that the captain was a sociable person and a tireless talker, and it was not long before our conversation discovered matter of common interest. I was made free of the skipper's room, and became the companion of his barefooted walk in the pleasant hour that in tropic seas follows the dawn. It is so that I picture him now: barefoot upon the tepid moisture of the deck, his roomy night-gear flapping upon his legs or bellying

like wind-sails,—a broad-beamed, ugly, pleasant little figure, bearded, with a comic sketch of a nose and prominent eyes. He is an Australian by birth.

It so happened that the name of my friend Barton never passed into our talk until hard upon the end of the voyage. It was after dinner when we made the Lizard Light, and the Channel mist shut down upon the *Aurungzib* going dead slow. We sat in the chart-house, and the story was punctuated by the gasping bellow of the siren.

"Yes," said Baxter, "I think it was about the second day after he landed that I ran up against him. I was mooching about, trying after a job in the Customs for myself, for I was about as stony as I could be. You see, I'd come to the island mate of a tramp, the *Idico*, and I took sick. The old man (Green, Gastight Green, they



called him) was afraid it was something infectious; and anyway I was that bad he had to get the doctor aboard from the Foreign Settlement, and he said he reckoned I'd die if I went to sea. We'd discharged a lot of rats in Tam-Sui, and were bound for New Zealand with sugar, and due to sail in a day or two. Well, I was too sick to know much about it, but it seems the doctor got me ashore and up to his own house. There was no such thing as a hospital there at that time; it was just one of those sleepy Chinese ports: just the Customs and the Consulates, and the Mission Station. This doctor (Bayles his name was, Henry Elijah Bayles) was a missionary, I'll trouble you! Of course I've no use for missionaries as a general thing; in fact this Bayles was the only one I ever heard of who'd do a hand's turn for a white man. But there it is, you know, I speak of a chap as I find him; and wherever I go now I remember him, and speak up when I hear chaps running the missionaries down. Yes, there's no doubt he was a white man, and he did me proud. It was pretty near a knock-out for me that trip, you understand, what with fever, and dysentery, and a broken arm I got from a fall down No. 3 hatch through going on deck when I couldn't hardly stand. There's no doubt if I hadn't had him to look after me, and the right sort of tucker, and a good roof over my head, and that, it would have been Cooper's ducks with me. Well, there I was at the Mission Station, on velvet, and presently I began to pull round, and just when I was convalescent, as you might say, Bayles was ordered off to the mainland to take charge of some medical missionary affair they'd started up country near Hankow. Poor chap! He was killed there not long after, in some blasted riot. He was relieved down at Tam-Sui by a joker named Hatcham, a married man with about

nine kids, and I suppose he wanted the house to himself; anyhow he gave me the straight tip to clear, and I cleared. Well, I had only about eighteen dollars in the world, and the coolies who'd brought me off the ship had stolen my writing-case with my papers. That was bad enough, but when I went to see the Consul I found he was one of those old-fashioned, high-and-dry sort of birds, all fuss and feathers, with a derry on sailor-men and a great idea of his own dignity. Nice sort of man for a consul in a port, wasn't he? but that's dear Old England all over. What made things worse for me, he'd had a row with Bayles about some of his blooming converts who'd been run in for thieving. Anyway, the devil a thing would the old beggar do for me, and all I could do was to hang round till I got a chance of a passage to Australia or somewhere on the cheap, and there weren't many chances.

"I'm spinning a long cuffer about myself and precious little about Barton, but I had to tell you how I came to be beach-combing in Formosa. When I first met him he was hanging round the Customs, trying to get a temporary job. Well, that was the sign of the beach-comber, because, you see, it was about the only graft a white man could get, without capital, or influence, or something. Me being on the same lay, we sort of drifted alongside, and I suppose we both took a liking to each other; anyhow, the next day we started housekeeping together in a bit of a tent Bayles had given me. Barton used to do most of the cooking—that is, when we had anything to cook—and a rare good hand at the game he was, I can tell you. People think all bushmen can cook, and so they can, in a sort of a way, but Barton was A1. We didn't do so badly: bananas you could get almost for the asking, and eggs for hardly any more, and there was plenty driftwood for burning. One of the

chaps had a gun, and we used to buy quail from him for two cents apiece. He was a rum card, was old Deadlights. Diedlitz was his proper name, a German, a scientific old Johnny who'd been botanizing and geologizing the Lord knows where. He'd been up in the mountain country around Mount Morrison, and been collared and three-parts killed by the dam' savages. He was always talking about the gold and sapphires and things that were lying around in the interior waiting for some one to pick 'em up: wanted to raise some capital and go back with an armed party and stores, and so on. We'd have gone with him if there had been any capital to be got, but there wasn't. His consul had given him the chuck, same as the British one had given me. They don't take much stock in beach-combers, consuls don't, as a general rule. I don't know that I blame them.

"Yes I'm off the track again; can't stick to the point—never could. My old dad, who used to keep a store up at Orrorroo in South 'Stralia, he used to say I made the customers forget what they wanted to buy with my yarning. That was all right, but if a chap came in for half a pound of tobacco and I got the flute and yarned him off it, I'd sell him a roll of fencing-wire or a pigskin saddle, so it didn't matter, did it? You're in no hurry, any way. You don't want to go ashore at Plymouth—beastly place, Plymouth, on a Sunday; you've got to come on with us to London.

"Well, one evening Barton and I were taking a stroll along the bank above the Beach road, when we heard a hullabaloo of people shouting: you know that beastly scream of a Chinese crowd. Presently full bat round a turn of the road comes a mob of about a dozen hobbledehoyes and men, chasing an oldish Chinaman and pelting him with stones and dirt. He didn't seem

to have been hit—not to hurt, I mean; his head was up and he was going strong, but he tripped over something and fell when he got nearly abreast of us, and they were onto him in a moment, and started kicking him, for all the world like larrikins. Of course we knew nothing about the rights of it, but we couldn't very well stand there and look on while this sort of Collingwood job was finished off, so we jumped down into the road and set 'em. You understand, they hadn't seen us, so we took them by surprise. We started hitting out. Barton upset a couple of them before they knew where they were; I capsized one with a drive under the ear-hole; another crouched under my guard for the Chinese attack, and I spotted him and got him under the chin with my knee and spread him out. They'd got their Paddy up, and stones began to fly; but suddenly—I'm blest if I know what for, perhaps they took us for blue-jackets and thought there might be more coming (we both had blue flannel coats, and I had a cheese-cutter cap)—they hauled off, and the whole push went down the road at the rate of knots, all but the joker whose teeth I'd shifted with my knee. Barton jerked him up by the queue, and you could see he was all right bar sulks; but the swine dropped again like a wet rag when Barton let go, so we left him in a heap. The show hadn't lasted but a minute or two; Barton had a clip on the top of his head with a stick, and I'd a tooth loosened by a smack in the mouth, but we'd given rather better than we'd got, and felt pretty good. The Johnny all the fuss was about was sitting up quietly by the side of the road. You may imagine we were a bit taken aback when he says, just as plain as I'm telling you, 'Thank you, gentlemen!' We got him on his legs, and as it was coming on dark, and the humpy wasn't more than a quarter of a mile

away, we took him there. He was an oldish chap, as I said, dressed pretty decent in Chow fashion, but wearing a soft felt hat, which, like the rest of him, was all covered with muck and blood: you know a Chinese row always starts with throwing filth. The blood wasn't his, we found, but he was a bit shook up, naturally. We rubbed him down as well as we could, and sat him on Barton's bunk to rest for a bit, and gave him some tea: it sounds rum, I know, but somehow you could see the old bird was a *sahib*. Talk? by the holy St. Patrick, he did talk! It was pidgin-English, but good enough; I never heard better.

"He'd been in England as some sort of an extra hand at the Chinese Embassy, in Portland Place (he had all the names of streets, and that, as pat as you please). He'd been in America, too, travelling about, doing odd jobs just for the fun of the thing and to get information. I'm not sure that he hadn't been a laundry hand. He knew a lot about politics and military affairs in England (a damned sight more than ever I did), and he'd thought a lot, too, you could see that sticking out a foot. It was quaint to hear him talk about the 'Yellow Peril'; he said frankly that at one time he had hoped the Chinese and the Japs might conquer Europe, but that chance had gone by, partly because of the squabbles between Japan and China, and partly because China couldn't keep abreast of the times with new-fangled war material.

"Altogether he was a most uncommon sort of Chinaman. But the piece of news that fairly knocked us was at the end of the yarn, when he quietly told us that he was the new General in command of the Imperial troops in the Island! It was a staggerer, but, mind you, we believed it; there was something about the old boy that made you believe him.

"Well, I said that was the end of his yarn, but it wasn't. He had to tell us about his adventure that day. It seems he was so up-to-date in his notions of soldiering that he had come over incog. to see for himself the condition of military affairs in Formosa, and that afternoon he'd been fossicking around one of the forts, found no sentries of course, the whole place in the devil's own mess, and a lot of loafers squatting about, smoking and gambling, against the wall of the magazine. This was more than his worship could stomach, and he turns to and gives them a piece of his mind, pretty nasty, forgetting that not a soul in the place knew him from a crow. The loafers were a bit *ghabra'd* at first, and when they saw he was alone and only an old chap in a Europe hat, giving them rats, they started slinging him some lip, and soon got to shying other things; and the end of it was he had to leg it for his natural, and if he hadn't been pretty nippy on his legs he'd have been skull-dragged to a dead certainty. And mind you, a man of his age, fifty-seven, who can do the best part of a mile with a mob of scalliwags at his heels, as he'd done,—well, he's a pretty good man. The blood? Oh yes, I was forgetting that; one of the crowd was poking borak and said something pretty bad to him at the beginning, and the General up with a little bit of a cane he was carrying and slashed him across the face. The blow must have cut some little artery in the fellow's nose, for he bled like a pig, and the blood spurted over our friend, and some of the push who hadn't seen the blow thought they were killing each other, and chipped in for their mate.

"Oh, and he told us a lot more, about the rotten state he had found the garrison in, and all that. Besides being a very knowledgeable man, he was a ringer at soldiering. In the Tonkin war ('84, wasn't it?) he had led a brigade of 'Black

Flags,' and made himself a holy terror to the French. He was dead nuts on reforms, and as far as I could make out he was now sent to the island to get rid of him, he'd been making himself such a nuisance in Peking.

"Well, when he had finished we wired in and told him about ourselves, and he listened, and asked questions. Finally, he made a note of our names, and without putting on any frill said he might be able to do something for us to show his gratitude. He'd had enough of the incog. business, and would declare himself and come out in all his glory the next day, and the Customs boss (a Russian, by the way) was an old pal of his. So was the British consul, at least they'd known each other some years before, up at Chi-fu, I think, and he reckoned he could get my affair put through; if not, he said, he'd lend me enough to get to any port the next steamer might be bound for.

"He stayed at the humpy that night in case some of the hoodlums might be laying for him. The very next day Barton got taken on in the outdoor staff of the Customs; not much of a job, eighty dollars a-month, I think, but a long sight better than nothing at all. As for me, my luck was in, without the General, for I got a ship a couple of days later. The *Kowloon*, owned by Palmers in Hong-kong, was running between Formosa and Amoy, and she'd just got a new skipper, Tarrant, who knew me well. He was short-handed, and took me on as Second. I liked the employ and the run, and stayed on the *Kowloon* for a couple of years. I used to see Barton every trip; he was mugging away at Chinese, and got to know the people and the politics in a way that was very useful to him later on. For when the war came Barton became a Boss, I can tell you. I was in the house once when he had a corroboree with the General and the mandarins;

he seemed to have some of 'em pretty well under the whip. . . .

"Look here, I must go on deck; the pilot'll be coming aboard in a minute or two. Through my plaguey long-windedness I haven't anything like finished the yarn. It's true, most of the balance is hearsay, but I'd like to tell you about the war, and the Japs, and how Barton ran the show, and what happened to the General, and all that. Well, you won't go ashore at Plymouth? That's settled, then. I guess I can finish between here and London; I really must get out of this now. You'd better go below and turn in. So long!"

Before we anchored in the Sound next morning I received news that made it necessary for me to be in town that day, so I had to land at Plymouth after all. Baxter promised to dine with me two days later, in London. But on that night, as I sat awaiting him, a telegram told me he was promoted to the *Kubla Khan*, and off to catch her at Marseilles. I have never met him since.

Moylan, of the Chinese Customs, told me that the one man in England who knew all about the war-time doings in Formosa was at that moment beating Fleet Street for a living, and that his name was Bladen. "Bladen?" said a friend of mine at the Press Club, "I can't tell you where to find him, but I can put you on to a man who knows everybody who has been in Fleet Street these twenty years. Squire Selwyn, Patriarch. You'll probably find him at the King of Hanover, corner of Gough Square, between three and five."

I was so favored by fortune as to find Mr. Selwyn at the first attempt. He was finishing a meal at the counter, a gray-bearded, lamentable man. "No, my dear boy," the Patriarch was saying with unnecessary loudness, "no I can *not* lend you a shilling. I may tell you that I have this afternoon myself

achieved the borrowing of that useful but fleeting coin—hence the present sausage-and-mashed. I am very sorry, my dear Bladen," he added, after a sip at his tankard, "but, though it were to save thee from perdition, I could not, ah, dispeticose the gratillity."

I was again in luck. I introduced myself to the disappointed Bladen as he left the place. He was a wiry man of thirty-five, with a burning eye and a shaking hand. His mobile shaven face was of a type seen perhaps oftener in the Strand than in Fleet Street. His well-cut clothes were deplorably shabby.

He accepted with alacrity my invitation to dinner, and the better part of two bottles of Beaujolais, followed by a reliable whisky, made him cheerful as well as communicative. When I had begun to smoke, and he, in an odd fashion of his own, to mumble and roll between his lips an unlighted cigar, I led the talk to the subject of Formosa, and found it easy to set him going.

"I went to China," he began, "for Greet, you know, of the 'Frisco 'Searchlight,' as artist and correspondent. The war had begun. I was in Amoy, waiting for a coast steamer, and Greet thought I was not flying round quite fast enough, and said so, over the cable. I was indiscreet (I admit it) in my reply, and the next thing I got was the sack, also per cable, from Singapore, where his nickel-plated yacht was lying. That's his way; a harbitrary gent is Granville S. Greet.

"I took it to heart, and went on the spree with the second mate of the *Kowloon*; woke up one morning with a number-one head, half-way to Formosa. It didn't matter much, the chief officer introduced me to Barton, and he was good enough to put me up. You knew Barton in Australia, I think you said? A fine fellow, wasn't he? Grand type, that; I always admired it, tall and slim,

with black hair and blue eyes. And—well, I believe in what they call personal magnetism, and he had the gift. . . . Sand, too, by Jove! He had sand. . . . I need not tell you that he was hospitable. He had quarters at the top of the big Customs building.

"When I left the mainland no one expected that the Japanese would get the length of invading Formosa. 'The North China Herald' had published an article by a British naval officer prophesying that very thing, but nobody believed it. A day or two after I arrived at An-Ping a notice was posted at the German Consulate saying that the Japanese had landed in the north. There were no details, and the wires were cut a few hours later. The news spread like a grass-fire, and that afternoon, when I took a walk through the native city, the whole place was buzzing. The Japanese shops were shuttered and empty of course; the few Japanese who remained in the city were scuttling out. A long string of them, carrying mat-bundles, tin boxes, and bits of furniture, were making for the wharves. Some were hustled. The pawnbrokers had barred their doors; you felt that panic was in the air.

"That evening the mandarin, Han Lu Tol, ordered the British gunboat *Canary* to clear out. She promptly cleared for action instead, and landed blue-jackets to police the town. It was a fine sight, through the glasses, to see that little tub of a gunboat lying under forts that, in theory at any rate, could have blown her into next week. Her guns were all pointed for the forts, and as she swung, they moved like compass-needles. However, the British consul declared the place unsafe for the women and children, and they all went aboard the gunboat, and some of the men went with them, including Milof, the Commissioner of Customs, and next morning we found the *Canary* flown, consul and all.



"Barton could make himself up very well as a Chinaman, and he used to get information by wandering about the city in that character, hearing what he could. One night, when I was sitting up late, doing some black-and-white work by lamplight, he came in with his coolie's clothes all covered with mud, and planked down a bundle of metal-work on the table. He had got into the fort that overlooked An-Ping (the Lord only knows how he managed it!) and spied about, and found two of the 6-inch guns moved into new-made emplacements and trained bang on the Foreign Settlement. This meant mischief, and no mistake. He didn't stop to make inquiries, but helped himself to the movable sights and the lever-handles of the breech actions, and made tracks for home. . . . The moat was dry, but to get away without being seen he had to roll about fifty yards down the glacis, hugging the ironmongery against his body to keep it from making a noise, so he was 'a mask o' bruises,' besides being plastered with dirt.

"The talk of the streets,' said Barton, 'is that the Europeans are hostile, and will have to be wiped out; and that's why I have been doing a quite unofficial inspection of that fort. The beggars mean to destroy the Foreign Settlement, and it'll be loot and murder for you and me and the likes of us if we can't get word to General Lin Yung Fu. I've muzzled those guns for four-and-twenty hours at least, I hope, and I must be off before daylight to find him.'

"Lin Yung Fu was the head of the Chinese army in the island, a remarkable old warrior, enlightened and all that, and a pal of Barton's. He had gone northward, too late to organize a successful resistance, but in time enough to rally the troops and select positions for opposing the Japanese march inland.

"Barton took a bath, put on a fresh suit of Chinese clothes, and started for the north at dawn. I begged him to take me along, but he wouldn't; he was playing a lone hand. He played it well, too, by Jove! The next evening before sunset I heard a deuce of a row in the direction of the city, drumming and a crackle of firing. I thought the *tamasha* had begun, and turned out to look-see; but presently a bunch of riders came tearing along the road in a whirlwind of dust, and I saw it was our friend and his General, with an escort of about a hundred and fifty ragamuffins, Bashi-Bazouks of sorts.

"Lin Yung Fu was a man of perhaps sixty, tall for a Celestial, and rather heavily built, though as nimble as a cat. His head was not unlike the portraits of Bismarck, and he wore a thickish moustache (I don't know if you've noticed, but a Chinaman with hair on his lip may be good, or he may be bad; you'll hear of him, either way; he's a boss man). He spoke English, and it was a habit of his to wear a pig-sticking *topi*, which went queerly enough with his silks and satins. Also he had a fancy for wearing an English cavalry sword, which I was told Chinese Gordon had given him in the days of the great Rebellion. He had had lots of adventures in his time, and seen no end of fighting; altogether, an outstanding character was Lin Yung Fu.

"He had arrived none too soon. The troops of the garrison were getting out of hand, and the fort lot were the worst, artillery officers and all; they seemed to be under the thumb of Han Lu Tol, the gent who had tried to bounce the *Canary*, and he'd been putting them up to mischief, saying the foreigners were at the bottom of all the trouble, and that sort of thing. The General's short way with him was to make him live in the Foreign Settlement and threaten to shoot him if a single European house was touched.

Some of the fort people were put under arrest, and the Bashi-Bazouks, a truculent lot, who feared nothing but the General, bullied the garrison, and watched the city until Lin's infantry bodyguard arrived and took charge. This was a battalion of veterans, six-footers like the Hong-kong police, 'Black Flags' who had been trained under Lin's own eye, and were paid out of his own pocket and officered by his own clansmen. When they marched in, one felt that the tension was relaxed.

"Barton, of course, must have had a most interesting trip, but (you know what an inarticulate beggar he is) it was precious little I could get out of him about what he had seen. One thing he did tell me, about some Japanese spies who had been caught by the army in the retreat. It was said that they had poisoned wells. There were five of them, and they were before the General at the moment when Barton had reached his camp. Good Lord! You know, it must have been like a scene in 'Tamerlane,' if that dear old Barton could only have told one about it.

"I missed a good thing by not having that trip with him; but there was more coming, plenty of it. Just you fancy; I was probably the only *pucca* newspaper man on the whole damned island! Talk about luck! I tell you, it was a great chance; the biggest scoop I ever had, or ever shall have, by James! . . .

"And the amazing thing is, not a single blessed paper in this country ever gave it a paragraph. What? When I did get back to the mainland—but there; that comes later. . . .

"The General had left orders for the spies to be brought on after him, and I believe they were tried and convicted by some sort of court-martial. Lin sent a message to Barton and one or two other Britishers, formally asking them to be present at the execution. It

was as though he were inviting them to tiffin, or something of that sort; and, by the same token, there were scores of family groups squatting on the ground as if for a picnic when we got there. Of course I went with Barton; I don't mind telling you I was pretty thoroughly primed. There were a lot of soldiers in red and blue and white tabards drawn up after a fashion on three sides of a ragged square, on the maidan behind the city. All round, on trees and on the housetops, were thousands of people. I saw faces, faces, faces everywhere; hundreds of thousands of faces, millions they seemed. Some one was banging the biggest drum in Asia; there was a roar like that of the banks between Putney and Mortlake when the boats come in sight; the prisoners were being marched in, bound, with an escort of soldiers; Drury Lane pantomime effect. Somebody said they had confessed. . . .

"I had thought the poor devils would be shot, or hanged,—something decent. Instead, they were made to kneel in line, about twenty feet apart, and a fellow ran out of the ranks, a great butcherly Tartar, stripped to the middle, and carrying a short heavy sword, like a Roman soldier's.

"You have seen the—what d'ye call it?—that *pufa* of the Ghurkas, in which a skilful wielder of the *kukri* beheads a buffalo at a blow? It was like that; 'chop!' and the trunk sagged forward, splashing into its own hot blood. . . . The butcher's naked body was spotted and smeared with crimson; he was a dexterous knave. They took it like men; not a word, not a whimper; each man craning and looking to his left, the direction from which death was coming. You saw the whites of their eyes gleaming. . . . There was a yell from the multitude at every chop. . . . Barton was no chicken, but he looked white; as for me, I was rather 'poorly,' as they say; I wasn't carrying

my liquor well that morning. For a time the thing became one of my stud of nightmares.

"The retreating soldiers continued to straggle in, and it became more difficult to preserve order in the place. Lin had a dozen or so of the principal merchants doing police duty; Dogberry and Verges pigtailed, walking about at the head of little processions, carrying enormous paperlanterns at night, armed with tridents, double-bladed cutlasses, sword-clubs made of brass coins wired together, iron bars up their sleeves; it was a regular comic opera. Three or four mandarins who had fled from their country houses were in the city, playing, as usual, a double game. They shook in their felt-soled boots at the sight of Lin, and showed him all manner of deference when he was by, trying meanwhile to weaken his authority, —he had usurped the functions of Han Lu Toi, the city governor,—speaking of him as a mere soldier, and of themselves as representing the Imperial Son of Heaven. They did all they could to corrupt the soldiers, but Lin's personal influence was too strong to allow anything of that sort to succeed on a big scale.

"What brought matters to a head was the arrest of von Soden, a German adventurer, who had been caught selling powder and dismissed from his post of gunnery instructor. Han Lu Toi was suspected of intriguing with the enemy, von Soden was often at his house, and as he was a thoroughly bad hat Barton had him shadowed, and personally collared him one morning in the small hours as he was riding out of the city gate. Quite in the orthodox romantic way, his saddle was found stuffed with letters for the Japanese commander. They were all pretty much alike. Barton let me copy the translation of one of them, and I remember most of it.

"It was inscribed 'To the Descendant of the Tiger-God, the honorable Com-

mander of the invulnerable and vast Japanese Army, dwelling in a silken pavilion at Ka-Gi.' The body of the document ran thus:—

"*'The humble petition of T'ang Ying-Sheng, representing the Literati; Huang Sing-Tsai, Head of the Merchants' Guild; Han Lu-Toi, Imperially appointed Governor of Tai Wan-Fu; and others.*

"'Early in the intercalary Fifth Moon proclamation was issued by the Black Flag Leader, the Rebel Chief, using the title "Imperially Sent," calling upon the people to rise and resist Your Excellency's soldiers. Having no news from abroad, and believing that loyalty necessitated their action, the people responded, warriors were furnished, and the City became a camp. Time has passed, and the Son of Heaven has sent no assistance. Reports from abroad show that the people have been deluded, and that our Land has been bestowed upon Your Excellency's benign Sovereign, and it is evident that the Pirate Usurper has no (Imperial) support. Realizing this, he has impiously proclaimed himself President of a so-called Republic, a thing without precedent and intolerable.

"'Of late his soldiers have assaulted and robbed persons of rank, and have seized and stored in their camps eight-tenths of our rice (food), so that hunger and destitution threaten our bodies, and our minds have no peace. Bitterness is heaped upon bitterness; how is life to be borne?

"'We regard your Excellency as our Father and our Mother, under Heaven's commission walking the Path (of Justice) impartial as an even balance. The Western Officer who brings this, a person deserving of confidence, will inform Your Excellency that the rebels from the Liang Kuang are already reduced to extremity. The foreign Consuls and merchants have fled. Of Foreigners, Pa Sul Wu-Ssu' ("that means Commissioner Barton," interjected Bladen) 'and two other Western hirelings alone remain.

"'The Black Flags are at variance;

they are without much powder, and have but one meal a-day; how can their courage be supported? As for the Rebel Chief and the Western Brigand, tigers may be killed with bamboo shavings, and boiled opium may be more powerful than a knife. As it is said, "Poor men at the sight of money are like flies that see blood;" and again, "Much may be done at a feast."

"We throw ourselves upon your Excellency's mercy, whose bravery is as a bright mirror, and whose philanthropy is like that of the patriarch Yao.

"Most Urgent, most urgent!

"Kuang Hsu,

21st year, 7th moon, 3rd day."

"The wretched von Soden was brought before the General, and had a bad quarter of an hour. He tried bluster at first, Barton told me, but finally caved in and begged for mercy. Lin behaved very well, as usual, and treated the matter in a judicial spirit. They sent for the German consul, who seemed to make a great point of the prisoner's noble lineage. I don't know what the Chinese equivalent for *noblesse oblige* is, but Lin used it. The end of it was the fellow was released on the consul's undertaking to be responsible for him until the end of the war, and I never heard any more about him until he was captured by the Canadians in the Boer laager at—something-daal, I forget the name. He was a handsome, sinister-looking dog. It was the sort of thing that doesn't get into the papers.

"When Barton came home that night he said to me, 'Bladen, my boy, you're going to see to-morrow a thing no man has ever seen yet—a Chinese Republic.' Don't the words sound funny? As one might say, a 'white negro,' or 'a warm iceberg.' . . .

"It was a *coup d'état*, and it was well done. Lin's bodyguard held the city, and the mandarins were put in arrest and confined to their quarters under guard; Han Lu Toi cut his throat, the

best thing he could do, and I believe that was the extent of the bloodshed. Lin was proclaimed President, and Barton Commissioner of Customs, if you please! Practically, he was Prime Minister, for Lin consulted him in almost everything.

"The question of the food-supply had begun to cause some anxiety on account of the swarms of soldiers and refugees, and the mandarins had made united action impossible. Lin now proclaimed a state of siege, and requisitioned all the rice in the Customs godowns; a large quantity had been awaiting shipment. The daily issue of rations began.

"There was work to be done by everybody. By Jove! that was a busy time. The troops were taken in hand, and as they were rearmed and reorganized they were sent north in detachments to hold the defiles. Hundreds of coolies were sent, too, for digging earthworks; thousands were put on works near the city. Guns from the seaward forts were sent out, 4-inch Krupps. Diedlitz, an Austrian geologist, and Danielsson, a Swedish sailorman, improvised carriages, instructed soldiers, superintended earthworks, loaded shells, rigged wire entanglements, and worked like ten men each, for, like most of the foreigners, they swore by Lin Yung Fu.

"Meanwhile the Japanese advance had ceased altogether; it almost seemed as if they wanted to give us breathing-time. One knows now that they were waiting for the command of the sea, but then we knew nothing; the island was our world.

"At the end of a month of hard work all round, hurry and drive, push, sweat, worry, and general damn-your-eyes, all was ready. Then was our best moment; it's my belief, if they had attacked then, we should have given a good account of ourselves and them. But nothing happened. The waiting

game was the best they could play, and of course they knew it. Funds ran low with us, and things could not be kept at concert-pitch. There were all sorts of shifts and devices for raising money. Lin issued stamps, with a design of a tiger's head; I have some of them now, and the London dealers call them forgeries. Paper money too, but the people wouldn't cotton to that. He increased the shop-tax until, by reason of confiscations, practically all trading was in the hands of the Government, and the traders became its agents and employees. The salt-tax was doubled. These expedients served for a time.

"Then the blockades shut down, and the Formosan Republic was done for; it knocked the bottom out of the State finances, for the customs had been the main holt of the revenue. Lin's private fortune was exhausted; the troops could no longer be paid; reports of an affair of outposts in the north, of the passes being forced by the enemy, made them desert by whole companies. There was panic in the city, and the devil to pay everywhere.

"There was a stormy scene in the Council. The General, thumping the floor with his heavy scabbard, said he would strike one blow at the head of his devoted remnant, and die; Barton urged him to escape the blockade, and spoke of money and forces to be raised on the mainland. In reality, of course, he knew the game was up, and only wanted to save the old hero's life. They argued for hours; at last the old boy gave way.

"The *Kowloon* was in harbor—came in before the blockade began. She was empty, of course. Arguments—powerful ones, no doubt—were brought to bear on the skipper; the chief officer was Barton's chum, Baxter. Poor old Lin, protesting, was made up as a coolie, and smuggled aboard at night, the captain shutting himself in his room so that he might swear he hadn't

seen him. Lin kept a stiff upper-lip; but you could see he was moved when he shook hands with us, Barton and me. The steamer cleared out at daylight, in squally weather, with a heavy sea running.

"I had the story of the trip from the second engineer, Strath. The Japanese squadron was cruising outside, and had information (we never knew how they got it; probably from von Soden) that Lin was aboard the *Kowloon*. A despatch-boat came flying down through the squalls upon the British steamer, signalling politely. They hove to, lowered the gangway, and the captain met the Japanese officer as he came aboard. The Jap was a young fellow, very smart and polite, 'touching his cap all round,' said Strath, 'like a Frenchman.' The skipper stood him a drink, and preached affably about the essential iniquity of war in the abstract (old Tarrant was a Plymouth Brother), while the General was being doubled up and stowed away in a deep drawer under the bunk in Baxter's cabin. The Japanese officer took his peg, agreed (in beautiful English) that war was a terrible business, and asked permission to search the ship. "Certainly," says Tarrant, and bowed him off the bridge, sending the second mate to show him round. They took the hatches off and showed him the empty hold, and he inspected the seasick Chinese passengers in the 'tween-decks while the crew were lined up on deck. He even took off his gold-laced coat and crawled along the shaft-tunnel. At last he had been everywhere except in the officers' cabins. Baxter's was the first he came to, and Baxter was lounging in the doorway cutting up a pipeful of tobacco. The little officer stood in the alleyway and looked at the mate, and the mate looked at him. Baxter didn't move. Can't you see the picture? The streaming deck slanting to the swing of the ship, the view



through the opening of the alleyway and through the driving rain, with the little white despatch-boat plunging and staggering on the inky seas, and in the foreground the Englishman and the Oriental face to face. Can't you see it? It was a silent battle between East and West—potential force on the one hand, for I suppose even the despatch-boat could have sunk the *Kowloon*, and on the other the prestige of Europe. I take it the Japanese had no legal right, and the search had only been allowed as a matter of courtesy—of such courtesy as can be between the armed and the unarmed. For perhaps a quarter of a minute they looked at each other. Baxter filled his pipe, dusted the loose tobacco from his hands, yawned, and stayed himself against the reckless pitching of the ship by pressing one foot against the opposite jamb of the doorway. Just then a quartermaster came along the alleyway. 'By your leave,' says he, like a railway porter, and passed between the two. He was carrying an armful of flags, and the old Red Ensign was on top, with the jack displayed. It may have been just a coincidence, but one is free to think it was the deciding touch. The little man in blue touched his gold-laced cap again and turned away. He did not visit the officers' cabins.

"Five minutes later, the *Kowloon* was under weigh and the despatch-boat vanishing into the rain."

Bladen was watching my face, half appealingly. He had a gesture—in trying to make you see his picture,—a screwing, thrusting movement of his lank right hand with the thumb and fingers splayed as if grasping a large invisible knob. He visited his glass, and his figure relaxed into his armchair.

"I was not there; never told you I was, and perhaps I'm wrong, but that's how I see it, and how I've done it. I

could show it you, at my rooms, in colors and in black and white. And never published,—never published. . . .

"Lin landed at Amoy and reached Canton. I never heard that he had succeeded in his mission, but he will be heard of again some day, if the Court party has not done away with him.

"The rest is soon told. The advance-guard of a Japanese division was at Matau, thirty miles away, and their cruisers were hovering in the channel. In Tai-Wan-Fu there was chaos. Barton, with his life in his hand, went among the troops, urging them to disarm and promising protection. Campbell, another Customs man, rode to Matau and saw a Japanese brigadier, who promised that the city and settlement should not be attacked if the troops disarmed. The disarmed men had to be fed; they were camped in the big compound of the Customs, and the rifles were stacked in the opium godown. It was a devil of a business. A hundred or so who had given up their arms would be jeered by the crowd outside, or by the other soldiers, and come flocking to demand them back. This happened several times. Fortunately there was very little ammunition. There would have been no trouble with Lin's bodyguard, for the officers, once convinced, would have managed the disarmament of the battalion, but as they were the only force that could be at all relied upon to keep order in the city, they had to keep their rifles, which, so far as it went, was a bad example for the others.

"The enemy landed a brigade on the beach. It was well and smartly done,—I have seen these affairs in both hemispheres,—and doubtless it was good practice. They will go far, with those little devils. There was an air of unreality about the whole business, however, because there was absolutely no resistance. It was the comic opera

again. They ignored the city altogether, and went for the beach forts. It was especially unreal for us, because we knew the forts were empty. Barton and I watched the landing from the roof of the custom-house. As each boat-load was landed the men spread out and took cover along the beach, all according to Cocker, and the rifle-fire upon the empty batteries was continuous. There was a roar from the three cruisers, and then a cracking as of whips from where the shrapnel was bursting above the works. That soon stopped, but they must have fired about a quarter of a million rifle-bullets into earth and space. Two men and a pony were killed behind the forts in this sham-fight. At the end of two hours the advancing line of the attackers emptied their magazines at five hundred yards and rushed up the glacis.

"Two days later the Japanese division from the north occupied the city. The night before the occupation, Barton, Campbell, and I had a gruesome task. The Chinese army from the north had

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brought in about twenty Japanese heads,—they had ambushed and massacred a cavalry patrol in the hills,—and these were lying about near the soldiers' quarters. If the Japanese troops had seen them, and the heads of the well-poisoners, there would probably have been 'reprisals,' in spite of the disarmament. So we went round with lanterns, poking about for these horrid trophies, and heaving them into the creek.

"That is about all. The Japanese marched in and took possession, the blockade was raised, and when the *Kowloon* came in I went in her to Amoy. Events had been moving swiftly on the mainland, and things were being done of greater importance to newspaper readers in Europe than the capture of the Beautiful Island. My news, though it *was* news, was out of date, I suppose. The telegraphic agency at Shanghai would not give me a dollar for it, and it was all I could do to raise a passage home."

*Ernest Dawson.*

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## HOW THEY TRAIN ACTORS IN PARIS.

Some of us are making a desperate effort to wring from Government a subsidy for a national theatre. Are we going to win this time? I know not; but in any event the State-aided theatre will be nothing without the State-aided school of acting. And for this "the profession" will have to make greater sacrifices than the Government—in time, money, and devotion to the cause of art. They must be prepared to teach for nothing, and to take the despised amateur by the hand and make a man of him. With becoming respect for Mr. Tree, as for other distinguished actors, I doubt whether the

best of one-man schools on the ordinary commercial basis is what we need. What we do need in the arts is the enthusiasm which sends the best men in medicine into the hospitals, often to the neglect of a profitable practice. We have it to some extent at the Royal Academy, but only to an extent. Except in the cause of charity, we are without it altogether in the art of the actor. The French are blessed with it all round, and that is why their acting and their painting are on the highest level. The greatest painters not only take their turn of teaching at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*; they work in

noble emulation, on a system that assigns to each artist his particular *atelier* of pupils, and makes him covet the glory of bringing out the Prix de Rome of the year. Gérôme, who died the other day an octogenarian, used often to ride into Paris in the very early morning from his villa in the suburbs to coach raw lads at their work. He had some small allowance, which might conceivably have paid his cab-fares had he come on wheels. Such devotion, in its full and perfect flower, is still wanting at the Royal Academy.

The Academicians, no doubt, take their turn of gratuitous teaching, but many of them regard it as an unmitigated bore. They are busy and pre-occupied. Their early morning is for the worm, in the shape of the millionaire, who must take his sitting between his gallop and his board meeting, or not at all. They feel scant interest in beginners, who are mere fellow-creatures in the abstract, with no recommendation in the fees from private teaching, or in the tie of blood. Gérôme was found dead in bed one morning in his Paris studio. In that very bed on another morning years ago I found him willing to listen while I pleaded the cause of a youngster from England, eager for admission to the Beaux-Arts, but without a word of French to his name. He had nothing to recommend him but his love of art and a bundle of drawings. But, happily, the drawings were in the universal language; and, looking at them, Gérôme nodded assent. Think of the temerity of such an intrusion on a British R.A.! That spirit, and that alone, will give us a national theatre. The masterpieces of the drama will be nothing without a rank and file that know how to interpret them. This presupposes the school of acting, and the school that is free to all. No sum of money likely to be at the command of

poor students could pay for the teaching at the Conservatoire.

The greatest actors in France volunteer for this service. I have seen Got at the height of his fame, with his decoration in his buttonhole, taking his early morning class of declamation at the Conservatoire. I wrote of it at the time, and I am beholden now to what I said then when the impression was fresh. The Conservatoire is both a high school and a university of the scenic arts. You learn to sing there, or you learn to act, if you have the vocation, by a long course of laborious study under the best professors in the world, who give their services to the State for next to nothing. The schooling is regular and methodical, and great stress is laid on declamation, on the art of doing perfect justice to French verse, which, without such justice, is perilously apt to lapse into hybrid prose. The masterpieces of dramatic literature are rehearsed over and over again, with due attention to gesture and expression; and a kind of tradition of the way of rendering them is carried down from one school of actors to another. Got received his first reading of a classic part from an earlier master, who, in his turn, had it in a direct line from the original creator, himself a player. There is something to be said against the system, of course, as well as something for it, but fortunately French histrionic art is never likely to want initiative and originality. The respect for tradition acts only as a useful brake on the wheel.

The teaching process, strictly speaking, is never at an end; it goes on at the stage rehearsals, long after the pupil at the Conservatoire has become the actor in vogue. A French rehearsal is a very serious thing, and there is no mumbling through a part. I remember a now almost historic rehearsal at the Français, before the

secessions, when the company was at its full strength. I found them on the stage, sheltered in small tents from the cutting draughts of the wings. The piece in preparation was *Ruy Blas*, revived with much splendor under the Republic, with Sarah Bernhardt as Queen and Mounet-Sully in the title-part. Got as *semainier*, or superintendent of the week, conducted the rehearsal.

Mounet-Sully's besetting sin is vehemence; and it found him out in his delivery of the grand tirade against ministerial jobbery, in the Council scene. His invocation of the spirit of Charles the Fifth soon showed a tendency to degenerate into a roar.

Got stopped him at once. "I should certainly say that in a different style; it is too solemn to be rendered in that way."

"I am quite of your opinion," said a gray-haired man who had just joined him from the wing—M. Perrin, the administrator of the company.

It was a timely reinforcement. The two together were hardly an overmatch for their impetuous comrade, strong in his conviction that it is a far cry to Hades. The rehearsal was suspended for a quarter of an hour while they fought it out. There was a whole world of critical acumen—I will not say wasted on it (more especially as I mean just the opposite thing)—on either side.

"It is a call to wake the Emperor from his death-sleep," said Mounet-Sully; "it must be loud."

"It is a reverent appeal," said Got.

"Almost as impressive as an act of religion," said Perrin.

"I assure you I cannot see it in that light," returned Mounet-Sully. "For me, it is a passionate cry to the shade of the Emperor."

"But you don't expect to wake the man up—*voyons!*" said Got.

"Well, try it again," said Perrin.

Next it was the turn of the queen, who had to step forth from behind the arras and announce herself to her adorer. The superb Sarah accordingly quitted her tent to place herself in very visible hiding. Then, in the well-known voice, we had: "O merci!"

*Ruy Blas*. "Ciel!" (It is a start of surprise, and, as we may imagine, he is perfect here.)

*La Reine*. "Vous avez bien fait de leur parler ainsi. 'Je n'y puis résister, duc; il faut que je serre Cette loyale main si ferme et si sincère!'" She darts out her hand, extending the arm at full length—a gesture peculiar to her in private life as on the stage. She always shakes hands in that way.

Got. "I don't like that. You only give him your hand; you ought to take his."

*Sarah Bernhardt*. "I think my way is better; there is more *netteté* in the action."

She probably means that it is more statuesque, as it certainly is, but is perhaps unwilling to use an illustration from her favorite art. Her acting has always shown a keen sense of the beauty of pose. She gets the full plastic as well as histrionic value of a situation.

*Perrin*. "What does your text say? Look at the stage direction. (*Reads.*) 'She advances rapidly and takes his hand before he can prevent her.'"

*Sarah Bernhardt* (*laughing*). "Very well, then; give me your hand." (Mounet-Sully lets her take it.)

By-and-by enter Febvre, as Salluste, to surprise Ruy Blas—"Bonjour!" tapping him on the shoulder.

*Ruy Blas*. "Good heavens! I am lost! The Marquis!"

The discussion of this single entry occupied the better part of an hour. Febvre, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, Perrin, Got—all took part in it, and with the liveliest interest, often all talking together. The first entry was

from the centre—Ruy Blas standing in soliloquy conveniently near, his master tapping him on the shoulder, then crossing to the council table, throwing down his cloak, and taking a seat to meet his astonished stare. "Would it be better to do that," asked Febvre, "or to take one's seat first, without touching him at all, and then confront him with the 'Bonjour'—making that the 'tap,' so to speak?" He tried it, and they were unanimously of the opinion that it would not do. "How would it be to throw the cloak to him to hold?" suggested Sarah. "No," said Perrin, "you discount your effect of the handkerchief later on, which is a much better one." "Would you have him at the centre of the stage or near the wing?" That was the fourth proposition. I really forget the rest.

And all that I saw that day was less than a thirtieth part of the declamatory preparation for one piece. Yet we wonder by what magic, by what happy gift of Nature precluding the necessity of labor, the French have become the first actors in the world!

At another time I saw Got take his class at the Conservatoire. It was mainly a lesson of declamation. The students came forward one by one, and delivered a passage from some classic, ancient or modern, grave or gay. The great actor was there to see that nothing was wanting to their perfect equipment for the work. It was not enough to take it trippingly on the tongue—that was a matter of course. The elisions had to be right, the cadences, the inflections, with every other point incidental to the colossal difficulty of the Alexandrine. There were refinements of sound which no foreign ear could hope to catch; but the old man stood listening for them, like a Chinese virtuoso following the flight of a skynote on the single string. He stopped the lesson again and again, to enforce a point in gesture or attitude—all to

the end of putting away everything that was not Nature in its conceivable highest, as distinct from habit in its incrustations of bad taste. He was, in fact, training his students in the process of looking within for the truer, and therefore the better, self. The self-consciousness of the French artist has made him the most supremely natural craftsman in the world. It was a great saying of Flaubert to Maupassant: "Cultivate your originality."

It was especially a lesson in elocution—our lost art. The time has passed when every sound in the English language had its law, with old Walker for its lawgiver. If we bow to any authority now, it is only to the tea-tables of Mayfair. When that region determined to treat its final "g's" as a waste product, we joined in the "singin'" of their death song. Yet it is hardly enough authority for a rule of life. One of the last of Walker's disciples was Mr. Phelps. To hear him declaim the recitative of *Athalie* in its English dress was to feel proud of our tongue. Mrs. Dallas, better known as Miss Glyn, was another. There is a story of her taking a class of ladies in the recitation of *The Raven*.

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of e-vil,'" began one mincing miss of the band.

"Thing of what?" was the majestic query, in the deep chest-note of the old school.

"E-vil."

"I know as little of the word, young lady, as I am sure you know of the thing. 'E-v'l,' if you please. Go on."

"'Prophet still, if bird or dev-il,'"

"Oh, please, don't call him out of his name: 'dev'l's' the only thing he has right about him, from all I hear."

That was the old school—the grammar of speech, the grammar of gesture, the grammar of action and of all the arts proper to the great and difficult business of exhibiting yourself to your



fellow-creatures at a height that makes you visible from top to toe. The genius of interpretation was the only thing that came by the light of Nature. You learned to move so as not to fall over your own feet, to speak without choking with your own words, to produce yourself in every mood and every condition of human personality—from the heroic ages to the empty day. It was an art that gave us the greatest lights of our stage; for even those who thought they ignored it, lived on a tradition that had all the essential of a method. The tradition has gone, with the system of apprenticeship in the other crafts. We want a school to take its place. To the Conservatoire we owe the Théâtre-Français of our day, with the pit as censor in the interests of the art, ready to shudder through all its ranks at an accent out of place or a gesture that exceeds the modesty of Nature—to moan at any attempt to force the note.

With the ministrant parts of the stage thus provided for, the subventioned house, as a theatre of application, would take its natural place. The clergy would then want no excuse for going to the play, for the elocutionary part of the entertainment might be regarded as part of their ordination course. What sweeter and more comely service than to render unto our Maker one of the things that are His, in bringing into His house a technical purity in the use of His most precious gift? And lay and cleric alike would find our account in a repertory that supplied the masterpieces of our dramatic literature in a procession as majestic as that of the kings in *Macbeth*, with a place in it for our latest births of time in the drama of the day. A theatre so organized might be the great humanizing influence of an age that has witnessed the wreck of so many other forms of appeal. The pulpit and the lecture platform have lost

their hold in France, but the stage survives as a school of manners, and, allowing for the difference in the point of view, a school of morals as well. There is nothing more edifying than the Français or the Odéon on a great night, with the lion of democracy and the lamb of every reaction in Church and State, the workman from the faubourgs and the dandy from the boulevard, side by side in the peaceful and exquisite enjoyment of what they have all agreed to regard as a good thing and one of the glories of their land.

The subventioned theatre would have another use as a great house of experiment where all the newest ideas might have their chance. Such a house has been provided in Paris by municipal liberality, and it serves as a sort of endowment of research in new forms of dramatic art. Our stage might then recover its simplicity of decoration, by the perfectly natural process of putting finer things in the place of the scenery. Great passions will ever carry it over great upholstery, if you give them their chance. To this day the only setting of the chief scene of the *Malade Imaginaire*, at the Français, is an armchair. It is carried on by a couple of lackeys, as though it had just been removed from a furniture van, and is planted right in the middle of the stage.

That chair is the very one in which Molière, playing the part of Argan in his own piece, suffered the first shock of the illness that carried him off. It is but one of the treasures of a house that is a perfect museum not only of historic properties, but of the whole art of the stage. In the green-room (as M. Delorme, its historian, has told us), in the committee-room, in the office of the administrator, in the archives, in every part of the theatre to which the public has no access, there is a prodigious mass of full-length portraits, of

medallions, of genre pictures, of engravings, drawings, marbles, bronzes, of statuettes. These, with the works exhibited in the public rooms, form a unique collection, whereof every piece belongs in some sort to the history of the house of Molière. The museum of accessories is as rich in its way as the museum of painting and statuary. Here we may find the mandoline used in the *Barber of Seville*—an instrument of rare beauty of form, purity of tone, and antiquity of make. Here, too, is the original guitar of the *Marriage of Figaro*. When the piece came out in 1784, the management thought it was so sure to fail that it was not worth while to buy a guitar for the hero. An instrument was accordingly hired at ten francs a night. The piece ran for fifty nights—a “tremendous success” for that period—and in the excitement of this surprise the conditions on which the guitar had been obtained were totally forgotten, until the owner presented his bill for 500 francs. The canes and walking sticks are just as curious in their way; a volume might be written about them alone, with all their characteristic varieties of expression. The cane of the marquis, elegant and rich, with its long handle of engraved gold and its flowing tassel in threads of the same metal; the cane of the doctor—ebony, with an ivory handle, as though in half-mourning; the miser’s crab, a mere theft from a neighbor’s tree; the cane of the prodigal, mounted with turquoises; the pilgrim’s staff, the stick of office, the cane with which Louis XIV. ruled France—every variety has its specimen. The house boasts the possession of the very bell that gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Let us not inquire, but try to believe. This is the legend. The bell was once hung in the tower of St. Germain l’Auxerrois, behind the Louvre, and it was taken down at the Revolution to melt for

cannon. They were then playing *Charles IX.*, and, there being no bell to sound for the massacre represented in the piece, Joseph Chenier asked for this one, on behalf of the company, and obtained it. It has belonged to the theatre ever since, and is still used from time to time; in *Marion Delorme*, for instance, it sounds the death-knell of Didier and De Saverny. As for the archives and the library, there is certainly nothing like them in the theatrical world. Every interesting fact—representations ordinary and extraordinary, daily receipts, shares of profits, incidents, changes, fusions of companies, rivalries of artists—has been noted with the most scrupulous care for the last two centuries. The walls are lined with pictures. The finest portrait of Molière is hung in the green-room. In another picture in the same room the poet contemplates with an expression very suggestive of quiet disdain a group of merry-andrews, French and Italian, who realized the popular conception of comedy before he began to write. Two other pictures of capital importance show the green-room of 1840, an assemblage of the company of the time, and the green-room of 1864. Regnier and Samson are in the first, with Rachael, Madame Arnould-Plessy, and Mdlle. Mars.

There can be no subsidized theatre without a dramatic school; there can be no such school without virtually gratuitous teaching. Both institutions involve some renunciation of the starring system. The Français is a sort of co-operative undertaking, in which the interests of dramatic art are expected to come first, and those of the dramatic artist only after that. There are no supernumeraries in the company, in the sense in which we use the term. Everyone is, or has been, a candidate for the highest histrionic honors. No doubt some have declined to the inferior parts, as the aspirant

first-fiddle of orchestra often declines to the big drum. Many begin as winners of the first prize of the year at the Conservatoire, and so claim their right of engagement at a national theatre. They may be dismissed at the close of their twelvemonth; they may remain only assalaried hands; they may become shareholders of the enterprise, with better pay, a share of the profits, a grant on retirement, a pension for life. So there is still the prospect of bread and cheese. Bresson received over three thousand pounds down when he left the company, with an annuity of about four hundred more. The starring system, the actor-manager system, might yield larger rewards; the difference is willingly devoted to the general welfare of the concern. At any rate it was so devoted until Sarah Bernhardt, yielding to the tempter, broke her engagement to fend for herself. Coquelin then followed her lead in insisting on his right to an annual

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tour, which was in the nature of a prolonged benefit. The majority still understand that self-sacrifice is a part of the bargain. The great players, remembering what they owe to the system of free teaching, are ready to show their gratitude by contributions in kind. No one-man school could have given them access to such an array of professors—Delaunay for their master in comedy, or even Regnier; Bresson for romantic drama; Got for wellnigh all. Subsidies are useful in their way; but the successful actor must be ready to contribute time and trouble to the endowment. Nothing can spare him the essential pang of giving up something of worldly profit for the sake of a nobler thing. We want a spark of the fire of the Renaissance here. You cannot revive a drama, as you start a shop. The soul of the business is pride in a high calling, love of it, pity for struggling beginners without guidance and without means.

*Richard Whiteing.*

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## THE INTERNAL CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

Evidence is accumulating from many quarters in regard to the internal condition of Russia, and all of it is unfavorable. No doubt news of such a kind received during a war must always be read with caution, and especially is this so in the case of Russia, for Russia has many enemies. When, however, full allowance has been made for the universal habit of finding signs of internal trouble in any State which is doing badly in the field, it must be admitted that the reports from Russia are extremely grave. Thursday's *Standard*, for example, contains a long communication "from a Russian correspondent" which paints the state of affairs in very black colors indeed. The

writer brings evidence not merely of political disaffection, but, what is even more serious, of something very like commercial paralysis, and of a most serious crisis in agriculture. As to the political situation, he remarks that "it is rumored that the recent disturbances in Warsaw have been followed by wholesale executions." These executions have been carried out without any form of civil trial. They have been solely by administrative order. "The number of persons stated to have been hanged in Warsaw alone is six hundred." Such figures as these at once suggest gross exaggeration, if they do not even cause the whole story to be rejected as absurd. Yet we note

that the *Standard* in a leading article, although it observes that it publishes the communication "under all reserve," also goes on to state that it does so "with absolute confidence alike in the good faith of our Russian correspondent and in the excellence of his sources of information,"—a testimonial which must be taken to outweigh the reservation. The *Standard* correspondent further asserts that although disturbances are not yet reported from other of the principal towns of European Russia, there is a general similarity in the intelligence from all parts concerning the exceptional activity of the secret police and the frequent disappearances of persons presumably suspected of implication in political plots. "In Kronstadt, where an attempt is reported to have been made to injure the forts, there have also been executions under Military law. In Moscow recently an eye-witness reports that eighty coffins, under Military escort, were taken out of the town at dead of night by an unfrequented road, which was picketed with soldiers, and buried, presumably in the woods, where soldiers had previously been observed maintaining an inviolable cordon. There is a nervous feeling in the very air, and even the most sober-minded are drawing ominous conclusions from the significant fact that the regiments stationed in European Russia are being retained in their places, and only the Reservists called up under the mobilization orders are being forwarded to the front."

No doubt one has often heard such rumors before in regard to Russia, and they have always hitherto turned out either false or else unimportant. It must be confessed, however, that just now they are far more persistent than on any previous occasion. If true, too, they are far more dangerous. The last ten years has seen the growth within Russia of a vast number of political

enemies to the Russian Government. The policy of forcible Russification has been carried out relentlessly, and apparently successfully, but not without much heart-burning. The best known case is that of Finland, but other non-Russian nationalities have suffered almost as much. The Finns cannot revolt, but it is impossible to doubt that the dearest wish of the majority of the population is to escape from the iron circle of the Empire which is oppressing them. The Poles remain, as always, irreconcilable, even though they may consider that the Russian Government treats them better than does the German. These cases are patent; but it must also be remembered that the Russification of the Baltic provinces, and the cold shoulder shown to the German and Lutheran elements in those districts, have produced anything but loyalty and confidence, in an important, if numerically small, class. Something of the same kind has been going on on the other side of the Empire. The Armenians were once held in great esteem in Russia, Loris Melikhoof actually rising to the very highest place in the bureaucracy. Now, however, the Armenians receive little favor, and the whole property of the Armenian Church in Russia has been confiscated in order to force them to enter the Orthodox Communion. The Armenians bear the persecution ill, and must now be counted among the disaffected sub-nationalities of Russia. Lastly, there are the Jews. With the massacre of Kishineff before their eyes, and the whole terrible story of the anti-Jewish movement, can we wonder that they are restless and unfriendly. But in Russia the disaffection of the Jews does not mean, as it would in France or Germany, the disaffection of a small, if powerful, body. It means the hostility of several millions of men concentrated in a special area. The fact is that in Russia just

now only the Slavonic and Tartar elements are allowed to come to the front, while the men of the other nationalities, unless they become members of the Orthodox Church, are depressed, and even persecuted. As a result, the political power of Russia and her administrative efficiency have greatly suffered, while at the same time a sense of oppression has invaded bodies of men who in a former generation were good Russians. Never, indeed, has the political folly of persecution, civil and religious, been made more plain. In addition to these dangers of a racial nature must be reckoned those which come from the growth of Socialism and Nihilism within the Russian body politic. The Russian Nihilist may be less dangerous than he was; but the growth of Socialism and of liberal ideas has been steadily progressing. And the Russian revolutionary does not do things by halves. The man who wants revolution in Russia does not mind with whom he co-operates in order to get it.

Another alarming fact which must be noted is the grave commercial depression which is spreading in Russia. From all parts of the Empire, says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "the same tale is told of the utter standstill of business, and the numbers of bankruptcies, aggravated by the knowledge of the still greater number which are merely masked by one or other of the forms of which the inadequate commercial codes of Russia so freely admit. For example, in all those districts which are under martial law—that is to say, the greater part of the area of All the Russias—it is impossible to protest bills, the "state of war" being the excuse legally put forward by the defaulter, who may or may not be actually in a position to meet his liabilities. As bills are practically the only medium of commercial currency in Russia—cheques being unknown to all intents and purposes—this one fact is

sufficient to throw considerable light on the state of things now prevailing throughout the Russian Empire in the domain of commerce. The banks, we are also told, have everywhere either stopped entirely, or reduced to a useless minimum all credits and accommodations, even to safe customers. "Persons who have been in the habit of receiving at their banks thirty to fifty thousand roubles are now unable to get as much as two or three thousand." With such a condition of credit, and with an almost total stoppage of the demand for manufactured articles other than necessities, it is needless to say that the factories are at a standstill, and that the workmen are being turned off in large numbers. Agriculture, we also learn, is in an equally bad way. Last year's harvest was a poor one, and this year the withdrawal of tens of thousands of peasants owing to the mobilization of the Reserves has to a considerable extent hampered the tilling of the soil.

As we have said, it is very possible that these reports are exaggerated. It is also quite conceivable that even if true they will lead to no political events of importance. Nations often go very near the precipice without falling over. On the other hand, it is by no means impossible that some accident may precipitate a really serious crisis. Suppose some sudden madness were to seize on the peasantry, and something in the nature of a revolt were to take place. In that case all the other disaffected elements in the Empire, from Poland to Russian Armenia, and from Finland to the Jewish Pale, would spring into life. But though we realize this risk, and understand fully how great a contributory cause a commercial and agricultural crisis always is to revolt, we do not think it likely that there will be any very important internal commotion during the war. While war is going on the



instinct of national self-preservation seems to keep down rebellion even in States whose general condition makes for revolution. It is when the war is over, even if it ends favorably for Russia, that we expect to see the internal condition of Russia lead to serious results. Till then the Russian Government has not, we hold, very much to fear. There may be all the symptoms of revolution, but we do not expect it to break out.

It must not be supposed that in dwelling on the state of Russia, and the internal dangers which threaten her, we are in any sense rejoicing at her difficulties. As our readers know, we do not think that it would be to the interests of this country to see Russia

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destroyed. We wish the Russian people good, not ill. We feel, however, that if the Russian Government persists in its evil policy of persecution and repression, in the end nothing but revolution will be possible for Russia. An internal policy such as she has practiced for the last ten years with ever-increasing violence not only causes but justifies revolution. If the Russian Government insists upon persecuting and oppressing its subjects, the true friends of the Russian people are bound to hope for their deliverance even through the fires of revolution. It is a remedy almost as bad as the disease, but at least it affords some promise of ultimate improvement. The present system affords none.

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## THE ABOLITION OF WAR.

To a certain school of thinkers, whose opinions are certainly deserving of respect, every fresh war is a stage on the road towards perpetual peace. They see a confirmation of their views in the Russo-Japanese War; though it seems to others less optimistic that there has very rarely been a conflict which emphasizes more unmistakably the nature of the impasse in which nations may find themselves, and whence they cannot escape without recourse to war. Reliance is placed on the growth of moral and religious sentiment, and on the increased deference to the arbitrament of law, after the analogy of individuals in society, which is to distinguish nations in the future. All this will probably happen somewhat as these speculators conceive it; but is it possible to state the position of Russia and Japan towards each other so as to raise a moral or juristic issue between them? The materials are wanting for determining the dispute on any grounds

of right or wrong. It often happens in the law courts that the pretence of reasoning and argument is something in the nature of a comedy. There would be as much or little right or justice done if the decision were the reverse of that actually given. A far more important matter is the settlement by force, for that is what the decisions of our law courts often come to, of all law suits by substituting the force of the State for that of the individuals. But there is no such authority at present to settle on the same principles the quarrel of Russia and Japan; and there are no more indications of the probable rise of a central power acting in international affairs as the national government acts between individuals than there have been in the past. No hopes can be founded on the existence of such tribunals as that of the Hague. Its functions are limited and will remain limited by the nature of things. There

was no proposal to submit to its arbitration such matters as are in question between Russia and Japan. Everybody would have felt at once the absurdity of such a proposal. Since the human power of prophecy must found itself on probabilities or possibilities, it is justifiable to assert that in similar circumstances the absurdity will always be evident. There is absolutely no new element in the Russo-Japanese War to support the speculations that are being so much indulged in at present, almost as if it were the last war to be waged prior to the establishment of the millennium of international arbitration. It may be said that there have been incidents of such unparalleled horror disclosed as attendant upon naval warfare that humanity will rise up in protest and make their repetition impossible. The means of destruction appear to be so susceptible of improvement—a grim kind of word in this connection—as to suggest a time coming when it might be possible for one combatant totally to destroy the other suddenly and unexpectedly without affording him a single opportunity of defence. This is declared to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of modern warfare, and the logical consequence must be the cessation of war. It seems to us that this need not be the effect at all. If the object were of supreme importance and success possible, no amount of danger would prevent a determined belligerent from attempting to attain it. The fact that if successful everything would be obtained at a stroke, however disastrous failure might be, is precisely the fascination which is irresistible to the gambler. The alternative of winning all or losing all at a coup so far from being a deterrent is an incentive. However nations may fear the comparatively sharp and short struggles of modern warfare they dread as infinitely worse the prolonging of hostilities for years

as used to be the case before the invention of our present terrific machinery of destruction. The horror of quick processes of slaughter soon passes away, as it has done at every stage which has taken place in the development of weapons and explosives. We are shuddering at the torpedo just now; five years ago, in the South African War, we were horrified at melinite; we should be more appalled still if we could conceive European armies fighting with the ghastly cutting instruments or poisoned weapons of the islanders of the Pacific or the natives of the interior of Africa.

Then it is said the growth of internationalism implies the settlement of disputes between nations by peaceful instead of by warlike methods. The increased authority and observance of the rules of international law within the last century certainly give plausible color to this speculation. Lawyers who have given their attention to the subject are naturally sanguine about it; they are more sanguine than politicians and soldiers. But when all is admitted there is a limit beyond which a nation cannot go in the way of submission to a cosmopolitan standard of right or justice. By the very conception of international law every nation is the judge of its own cause; and it always takes care in any treaty of arbitration to reserve this right to itself. As long as nationalities exist with their particular aims and ambitions, subject to physical and other conditions stimulating their individualism and forcing their self-assertiveness, there can be no possibility of surrendering their right. Individuals submit to the decisions of law courts only because they are forced to do so by the central authority of the Government. They never surrender what they consider their rights by any original compact; and nations are not likely to be more amenable. To what authority are nations going to

submit the terms on which they shall carry on their own lives? There must first be a conquest such as the Romans made of neighboring nations; and then international law disappeared, and only reappeared with the creation once more of independent nations. It is a too childish idea to suppose that the nations shall constitute an artificial central entity to which they shall give up the power of judging for themselves in things that really matter to them. We need not discuss the futile supposition that nations would disarm for the purpose of setting over themselves such an authority provided with the arms they had surrendered. It is only a degree less absurd to suppose that all the nations would join each to supply a contingent to coerce some recalcitrant member of the happy international family; say European contingents to police the United States!

There is one other view which influences the speculators on the possibilities of internationalism for the abolition of war. This is the Christian ideal of self-abnegation and non-insistence even upon acknowledged rights which might come to be acted on by nations as it undoubtedly is at times by

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individuals. A Christian nation would hardly venture to deny absolutely that it is bound by Christian obligations; but the whole subject is one of the most complex that can be raised in the province of casuistry. It is sufficient to point out that a nation cannot act as an individual, but must act through agents who are in the position of trustees; and such trustees would not be free to sacrifice the interests of their beneficiaries, the nation, as they might sacrifice their own. Nor is even a Christian required to make a wanton sacrifice of his interests without reference to common sense; and where an individual might accomplish his personal sacrifice for reasons satisfactory to his own mind, he would not have the same assurance of the judgment of a nation with all its varieties of party and class opinion. When individual Christians cease going to law, nations also may cease going to war because they are Christian; but it adds to the difficulty that the international family no longer consists solely of Christians. Besides Mohammedans there are now Chinese and Japanese within the domestic precincts.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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It is pleasant to know that the late Sir Leslie Stephen completed his monograph on Hobbes and that it may be expected among the early issues in the Macmillans' English Men of Letters series.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish next fall a new volume of short stories by Rudyard Kipling, called "Traffics and Discoveries," uniform with "The Day's Work."

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in prepara-

tion a posthumous story by Paul Leicester Ford. The scene is laid in New York at the time of the Revolution and the story will probably be called "Love Finds a Way."

The volume on Georgia in the American Commonwealths series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is to be written by Dr. Ulrich B. Phillips of the University of Wisconsin, author of "Georgia and State Rights."

The Macmillan Company announces

that Delos F. Wilcox's book on "The American City: A Problem in Democracy," just published in The Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology, will be followed by volumes on "Labor Problems," by Thomas S. Adams; "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams; "Custom and Competition," by Prof. Ely; "Money," by David Kinley; "British Cities and Their Problems," by Milo Roy Maltbie, and a number of others.

A really noble poem upon a noble theme is so rare nowadays that it would be a pity if any lovers of verse were to miss the pleasure of reading Mr. William Vaughn Moody's dramatic poem "The Fire-Bringer" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The theme, of course, is the old one long beloved of poets, the story of Prometheus. But Mr. Moody treats it with freshness, delicacy and dramatic power. Here, for example, is a passage in which Prometheus describes to Deukalion the failure of his attempt to bring fire from the house of Zeus:

Soft as light I passed  
The perilous gates that are acquainted  
forth,  
The walls of starry safety and alarm,  
The pillars and the awful roofs of song,  
The stairs and colonnades whose marble work  
Is spirit, and the jointings spirit also,—  
And from the well-brink of his central court  
Dipped vital fire of fire, flooding my vase,  
Glutting it arm-deep in the keen element.  
Then backward swifter than the osprey dips  
Down the green slide of the sea, till—  
Fool, O fool!  
"T was in my hands! "T was next my bosom! Fierce  
Sang the bright essence past my scorching cheek,

Blown up and backward as I dropped  
and skimmed  
The glacier-drifts, cataracts, wild moraines,  
And walls of frightful plunge. Upon the shore  
Of this our night-bound wretched earth  
I paused,  
Lifted on high the triumph of my hands,  
And flung back words and laughter.  
As I dropped,  
The dogs of thunder chased me at the heels,  
A white tongue shook against me in the dark,  
And lo, my vase was rended in my hands,  
And all the precious substance that it held  
Spread, faded, and was gone,—was quenched, was gone!

And here is a striking lyric bit, the songs of the stone men and the earth women, created from the stones and clods thrown by Deukalion and Pyrrha.

#### THE STONE MEN.

When earth did heave as the sea, at the lifting up of the hills,  
One said, "Ye shall wake and be; fear not, ye shall have your wills."  
We waited patient and dumb; and ere we thought to have heard,  
One said to us "Stay!" and "Come!"—a dim and a mumbled word.  
Mortise us into the wall again, or lift us up that we look therefrom!

#### THE EARTH WOMEN.

The night, the rain, and the dew from of old had lain with us,  
The suns and winds were our lovers too, and our husbands bounteous:  
But lo, we were sick at heart when we leaned from the towers of the pine  
We yearned and thirsted apart in the crimson globes of the vine.  
O tell us of them that hew the tree, bring us to them that drink the wine.

## THE ROADS OF CLOONAGH.

The grand road from the mountain  
goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic on it and many a  
horse and cart;  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are  
dearer far to me  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go  
rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes  
shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it, and terror on  
the wind;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very  
strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are  
dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep  
storming on their way,  
Shining green and silver with the hid-  
den herring shoal;  
But the little waves of Breffney have  
drenched my heart in spray,  
And the little waves of Breffney go  
stumbling through my soul.

*Eva Gore-Booth.*

## DANA.

I am the tender voice calling "Away,"  
Whispering between the beatings of  
the heart,  
And inaccessible in dewy eyes  
I dwell, and all unvisited on lovely  
lips,  
Lingering between white breasts in-  
volute,  
And fleeting ever from the passionate  
touch,  
I shine afar, till men may not divine  
Whether it is the stars or the beloved  
They follow with rapt spirit. And I  
weave  
My spells at evening, folding with dim  
caress,  
Aerial arms and twilight dropping  
hair,  
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,  
Till, filled with some deep tenderness,  
he yields,  
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother  
heart  
He knew, ere he forsook the starry  
way,  
And clings there, pillowed far above  
the smoke

And the dim murmur from the duns  
of men.

I can enchant the trees and rocks, and  
fill

The dumb brown lips of earth with  
mystery,

Make them reveal or hide the god. I  
breathe

A deeper pity than all love, myself  
Mother of all, but without hands to  
heal:

Too vast and vague, they know me  
not. But yet,

I am the heartbreak over fallen things,  
The sudden gentleness that stays the  
blow,

And I am in the kiss that foemen  
give

Pausing in battle and in the tears that  
fall

Over the vanquished foe, and in the  
highest,

Among the Danaan gods, I am the last  
Council of mercy in their hearts where  
they

Mete justice from a thousand starry  
thrones.

*A. E.*

A VISION OF THE BERNESE ALPS  
AT SUNRISE.

(From the Rigi Kaltbad.)

What time the sun, new started on his  
race

Did tinge with rose and gold thy snowy  
crest,

In that still hour we saw thee first,—  
impressed

Upon a marge of purest chrysoprase,  
So far away, yet lovely, did we trace,

Thy serried line in virgin beauty  
dressed,

On the horizon's edge made manifest,  
A moment hovering in lucent space.

Then mists and clouds drawn from  
the fervid sun,

Spread out 'twixt us and thee a shroud-  
ing veil,

As some dull earth-born taint may  
cast its trail,

To dim the purity with life begun.

Yet light at evening shall at last pre-  
vail,

And perfect vision with the victory  
won.

*C. D. W.*